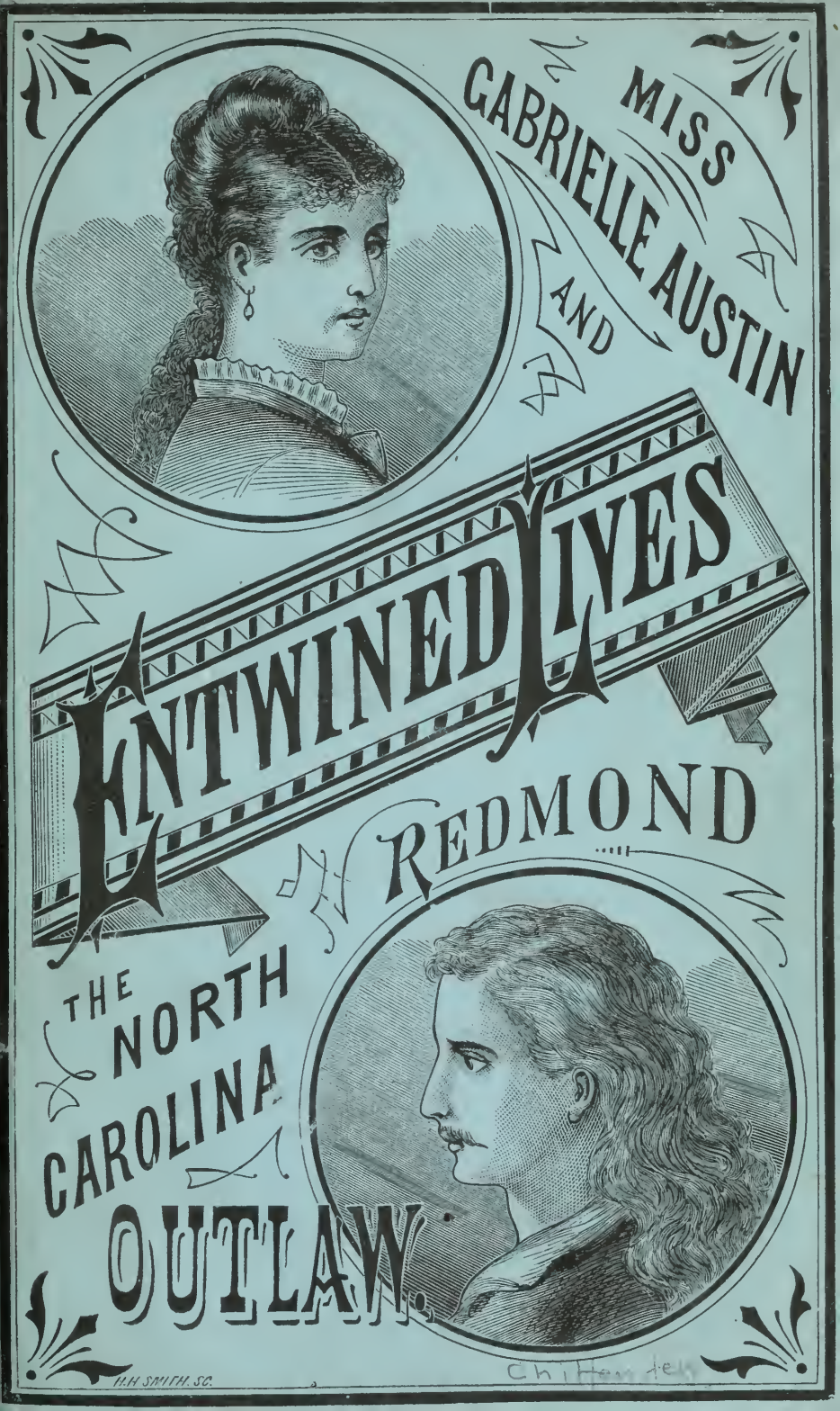
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 08254541 3

A N
(Austin) –
[illegible]

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/entwinedlivesofm00crit


MISS
GABRIELLE AUSTIN
AND
ENTWINED LIVES
REDMOND
THE
NORTH
CAROLINA
OUTLAW
H.H. SMITH. SC.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

THE ENTWINED LIVES OF

MISS GABRIELLE AUSTIN,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE REV. ELLIS C. AUSTIN.

—AND OF—

REDMOND, THE OUTLAW,

LEADER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA "MOONSHINERS."

WRITTEN BY

BISHOP CRITTENDEN.

OF NORTH CAROLINA.

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Bishop writes us:—"I emphatically endorse this narrative as true in every particular. Miss Austin I have known since she was an infant. Her very interesting story READS LIKE A NOVEL, THRILLS LIKE A ROMANCE! yet bears the honest stamp of truth in every line."—EDW. B. CRITTENDEN.

N. B.—The dramatic effects, striking situations, and all the ideas in this book contained, have been copyrighted and worked into a drama, and it will be performed throughout the country.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY BARCLAY & CO.,

21 NORTH SEVENTH ST.

We Want Agents At All Times! Agents Wanted Everywhere!

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
730495
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1916 L

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1883, by

E. E. BARCLAY & CO.,

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

INTRODUCTION,

BY

BISHOP EDWARD B. CRITTENDEN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., *February 7th*, 1879.

MESSRS. BARCLAY & CO., Publishers,
No. 21 North Seventh st., Philadelphia, Pa.

GENTLEMEN:—Your favor of January 9th, requesting me to give you for publication the facts in my possession concerning the remarkable adventures of one of the members of my church—Miss Gabrielle Austin, of Guilford Court House, N. C.—should have been answered many days ago; but when it was received I was absent, attending to the duties of my diocese, and since my return home I have been utterly prostrated with a severe attack of bronchitis. I take this, my first opportunity, to reply.

You ask, in your letter, if the story of Miss Austin's trials and triumphs is a "true one." I answer, emphatically, yes. Her father, the late Rev. Ellis C. Austin, was a schoolmate of mine, and a beloved and deeply lamented clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, being at the time of his death, presiding elder of the Greensboro district. Her mother was the daughter of Judge Alexander Hoskins, of Lexingston county, Kentucky, and her piety and Christianlike qualities made her the beloved friend of all who had the good fortune to meet her. Miss Austin early professed religion, and was admitted to membership in our church. I have known her since she was an infant, and have no hesitation in vouching for the truth of the enclosed narrative of her life. I have taken great pains to verify, by personal inquiry, every statement made by her, and in every instance the parties consulted have corroborated her to the veriest detail.

Trusting that, as you say, the publication of her life history may prove of interest to the world at large, and at the same time call public attention to that cruel relic of barbarism, THE WHIPPING-POST, the introduction of which in many sections, as a means of punishment for small misdemeanors, is a discredit to the civilization of the nineteenth century, and a decided refutation of our confident boast that the world is progressing,

Very faithfully yours,

EDWARD B. CRITTENDEN.

THE

CRUEL TORTURES AND STARTLING ADVENTURES

OF

MISS GABRIELLE AUSTIN, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Her Battle of Life Begun.

A Historic Birthplace—Early Orphanage—Determination to be Self-supporting—Departure for Virginia.

It devolves upon me in these pages, to relate a most wonderful and remarkably interesting story of the trials and triumphs of a pure and virtuous maiden; and, in a desire to do justice to the character of a martyr to the injustice and cruelty of our laws, I shall confine myself strictly to truthful facts. In the arrangement of the incidents of this truly wonderful history, I have adhered closely to conservatism, and if the reader stands amazed at the fearfully dramatic character of the situations, it will go to prove that "Verily truth is stranger than fiction."

The decisive battle of the war of the Revolution was fought at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, and resulted favorably to the cause of the colonial confederation. Of late years, the scene of the battle has been the Mecca of patriotic Americans. Not very far from the spot where the lines of the two armies met and clashed in deadly struggle, stands an unpretending frame cottage surrounded by a dense thicket of cedars, which screens it from the view of roadside passers, and fill the surrounding atmosphere with that balsamic odor peculiar to this class of verdure. You can step from the back door of the cottage upon the deep trench in which was buried the dead soldiers of Britain's army that fatal day.

To the right of the house stands the shattered stump of an oak, deep in the heart of which was found a few years since a solid shot, imbedded there by the British cannon. Even to this day, in tilling the fertile fields, human bones, gun-flints, buttons, rusty swords and bayonets, bullets, and other strange mementos of this celebrated battle are brought to light. In this house was born the heroine of this true story, Miss Gabrielle Austin, and nurtured in the midst of such patriotic surroundings, it is easy to believe that her thoughts early turned with pious adoration to that great Director

of human events, Almighty God, who, in his wise providence, turned the tide of battle in favor of the struggling colonists, and enabled her to inherit the blessed privileges of freedom and equal rights, and escape the thraldom of that human tyranny, which we are taught to believe is distasteful to the Creator. Her father was one of God's ministers, her mother a pious sister of the church, and the early teachings of Gabrielle were of the purest and noblest character. In childhood she manifested a deep interest in religious subjects. At the age of eight years she experienced a change of heart, and was taken into the fold of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of which her father was a disciple and teacher, and to which great congregation she still belongs.

Before the war Elder Austin was considered a wealthy man—wealthy for that section of country. He owned a good plantation and the full complement of slaves necessary to its profitable cultivation. The war swept all this away, and left him at its close a poor man. In 1863, when Gabrielle was but two years of age, his beloved wife was called to Christ, leaving the bereaved husband and father the sole guardian of the tender infant. How well he fulfilled the great trust committed to his charge, is shown in the subsequent steadfast adherence of Gabrielle to the ways of right and virtue. The death of his wife, and his heavy pecuniary losses, tended to break down the naturally robust constitution of Gabrielle's father, and in 1876 he closed his eyes and went to sleep in the arms of the Redeemer, leaving his daughter as a heritage a good education and a strong heart. The young girl sincerely mourned the loss of her kind parent, but after time had in a measure assuaged her grief, she turned from vain spiritual repinings to a contemplation of her temporal affairs. Money she had none, and determined to be self-supporting, she besought her friends to assist her in securing a position that would enable her to earn her daily bread.

At last the courted opportunity presented itself. A teacher was wanted for the village school in Sanderson, Goochland county, Va., and on application Gabrielle was accepted by the school trustees to fill the place. Buoyed up with a firm confidence in her own ability to perform the duties of the position, and strong in the faith that God would assist her in her orphanage, she left the home of her childhood, with all its tender and holy associations, and started out to begin the great battle of life among strangers. A personal description of Gabrielle at this time may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Fancy then a girl nearly sixteen years of age, matured to womanhood, of slender figure, but with a resolute energy in her lithe movements that would at once prepossess a keen observer in favor of her ability to perform all the duties that pertain to the maturity shown in her well-turned limbs, plump figure and budding bosom. Her face was of a strongly marked Grecian type, her mouth tempting and rosy, eyes of that hard-to-define gray which can alike flash with the fire of anger or melt with the dew of pity, well-arched brows, and hair long, soft, and of a rich chestnut brown. She was of a medium height, slender at the waist, broad at the hips, and from thence tapering to the shoulders, which were square and firmly

planted on the body. She had small and perfectly-shaped hands, rose-tinted nails, round, white arms, dimpled at the elbows, a dainty foot, and tapered ankle. She had received a fine education, such an education as is given the noble women of the South. She could entertain in the parlor, or preside in the kitchen, and adorn both positions with grace and intelligence.

Goochland county is one of the back counties of Virginia, but many of its citizens own fine plantations, are intelligent and liberal-minded. The school trustees at Sanderson received the young teacher kindly. Her black dress and sad face touched their hearts, and they determined to bear patiently with her faults, if any she had. School would begin in about a week after her arrival, and in the interim she confined herself closely to the house where she had secured board, busy with her thoughts and her books. Many of her scholars were her senior in years, but she won their hearts at once, and where others less magnetically gifted would have been obliged to use the rod, Gabrielle used kind words to rule the little dominion under her care. Her first day's experience in school favorably impressed her with the future. She grew confident in herself, and retired that night to revel in bright dreams born of the day's success.

Love's Young Dream.

Miss Austin's Hero—Her First Suitor—The Calm Before the Storm.

The young teacher secured board in the house of Mr. John P. Hashagen, one of the trustees and by all odds the wealthiest man in Goochland county. He was the owner of several fine plantations, and had the reputation of always being on the lookout for the main chance. He had an only son, on whom he lavished all the affection which he withheld from his fellow-men, denying him nothing.

At the time Gabrielle became an inmate of the Hashagen mansion, this son was nearing his majority, and in the interval which elapsed before the commencement of her school duties the two young people saw much of each other. Charlie Hashagen possessed a nature directly the opposite of his father. He was open and candid in his conversation, and generous to a fault. He was good-looking, and just a little vain of his muscular powers. He saw but little of female society, and this daily intercourse with a young lady, who possessed a beauty more alluring than any woman he had hitherto come in contact with, made a decided impression on him. Before, he had been able to sleep at night undisturbed by haunting visions. Now, however, he rolled and tossed in the delirium of ecstatic dreams. He lost appetite, took no interest in out-door matters, and suddenly developed a great fondness for reading. It so happened that Gabrielle read the same books, and the two often exchanged thoughts and opinions regarding their favorite authors. When the sun would sink to rest and the earth became

The villain's plot was well laid, and with demoniac exultation he saw the innocent girl arrested for theft at his instigation.

Der Anschlag des Schurken war schlau überlegt und mit teuflischer Freude sah er, daß das unschuldige Mädchen auf seine Anstiftung hin wegen Diebstahls verhaftet wurde.

shrouded in that deliciously romantic twilight, about which poets write, and enthusiasts dream, Gabrielle and Charlie would put aside their books and stroll out upon the outskirts of the village, often remaining away until some time after nightfall. Charlie was heard to exclaim that he thought Gabrielle the dearest little woman it was ever his good fortune to meet, and it is presumed that Gabrielle was not adversely impressed with her handsome cavalier. Neither had as yet spoken of love, even in the vaguest connection. Nevertheless the winged god was silently at work, and before many days would impale each heart with the feathered barb of that all-consuming passion.

At last school began, and Gabrielle was busy all day with her boy and girl charges. Charlie chafed a great deal under the enforced separation, but accompanied Gabrielle every morning to the school-house door, and was there awaiting her when the noisy urchins were dismissed for the day. They still continued their delightful twilight strolls, which, taking advantage of zodiacal phenomena, were often prolonged until the lunar light of our great satellite bathed the earth in an aurora of silvery splendor. Thus three months passed away. Charlie was hopelessly in love with the young school-teacher, and if Gabrielle's tender heart had been subjected to rigid analysis some imprint of a similar passion would certainly have been found. As yet no love words had been exchanged between the two. They talked of books, and roamed at will amidst the great natural wonders spread about them in every direction; drawing inspiration for thought and expression from flowers and shrubs, from insect and bird, from star and moon, and all that magnificent and heterogeneous display which the God of Nature has prepared for our contemplation.

One night, when the full moon shone soft o'er all the world, the two, as usual, strolled out after tea, to commune in that entrancing style so peculiar when two young persons of the opposite sex are together, alone, in the midst of surroundings so full of romance as a full moon, balmy summer weather, and bright beaming stars. For some time the two talked of matters prosaic, but gradually the surroundings drew them into poesy, and they revelled in those delirious fancies which inspire poets. Then followed silence—a silence fatal to two young hearts. Cupid was in ecstacy, and fitted a fresh arrow to his bow. The two had been accustomed to walk together hand-in-hand like children, but now they unconsciously drew closer, a strong arm was slipped about a slender waist, a maiden heart fluttered wildly, and "eyes looked love to eyes that spake again." The winged god smiled triumphantly, drew his bow to his shoulder and two hearts were pierced with the barb of love.

"Darling," whispered Charlie, bending down to the sweet face lifted towards his, "darling, I love you."

A sob of joy shook the little frame clasped in his arms; a pretty mouth trembled and quivered; two dove-like eyes swam with tears, and then, with a sigh of relief, Gabrielle dropped her head on Charlie's shoulder and made glad his heart with this mute but eloquent confession of a reciprocal passion.

You have made me the happiest of men," he said.

"And I am the happiest of women. Oh, Charlie, I love you so much."

"We will get married as soon as I come of age."

"What will your father say?"

"I don't know. He likes you; and he has never yet denied me what I asked for."

Gabrielle was silent several moments, busy with her thoughts; and then with a soberness that chilled poor Charlie's heart, said:

"Ah! yes, Charlie; your father may like me very well when I am only a poor school-teacher, but I don't think he would be so favorably impressed did he know that his son desired me for a wife. You are rich, Charlie, and I am poor. I have a premonition of impending trouble."

"Nonsense!" replied Charlie, with a forced laugh. "Father knows that you are a lady, and can fill with credit any position. If I am rich, it don't matter. Father has never denied me anything that would promote my happiness, and I don't think he will commence at this late day."

"I hope not," said Gabrielle; but there was implied doubt in the intonation of her voice.

"There, there," said Charlie, folding her to his breast and kissing her passionately. "I love you, and you love me. I want you for a wife, and I'm going to have you."

Just then a noise as of some one passing through the bushes close by startled the lovers into a position more in accordance with propriety.

"Oh, Charlie, what was that?"

"A cow, I reckon, passing through the bushes. Shall we go home?"

"Yes."

The lovers retraced their steps in the direction of the village. As they passed around a bend in the road, a man stepped out from the bushes, and looked eagerly after the pair, his face distorted with rage.

"We shall see!" he cried, hoarsely. "We shall see!"

He raised his hat, as though to cool his passion-racked brain, and stood revealed in the full moonlight.

It was Charlie's father!

A Villanous Scheme.

Gabrielle's Arch Enemy—A Scoundrel—Attempts to Rob her of her Good Name.

To say that old John Hashagen was enraged at the discovery made by him of his son's love for the penniless school-teacher, would but feebly describe the mad passion which leaped and rioted in his parsimonious old heart. His son, heir to all his wealth, in love with a penniless girl. What nonsense! A dowerless bride would not suit his avaricious ideas. His son must marry money; more, if possible, than his father possessed. There

should be no retrograding progress, increased wealth was all that would satisfy him. On the night of the discovery, he spent several hours coolly adjudicating the question of these two young persons' happiness. It was midnight before he arrived at a decision. What that decision was no one but himself knew. He kept his own secrets. That it was something underhanded and cruel, there could be no doubt. John Hashagen had the reputation of being a thoroughly unprincipled man. His behavior toward the two young people remained the same. To his son, he was tender and indulgent; to Gabrielle, scrupulously attentive and courteous.

One morning, about a week after the occurrence described in the previous chapter, the elder Hashagen turned to his son as the latter was leaving the breakfast-table, and said:

"Charlie, I want to see you in the library!"

"Yes, sir," replied the son. "Will it be time when I return from the school-house?"

"I suppose so!" was the elder man's reply.

Gabrielle had arisen from the table, and as she was leaving the room, the old man shot at her such a glance of vindictive hatred that his son, who was watching him closely, shuddered and turned pale with apprehension.

"I think I shall have trouble with father," he said to Gabrielle, as they walked toward the school-house; "but come what may, I shall ever love you, and always remain true."

"And I know I never could love another as I love you, Charlie," replied Gabrielle, as they parted at the school-house door.

Charlie hastened home, and found his father awaiting him in the library. It is not positively known what was the import of their interview, but the servants heard high words, angrily spoken, and when at last the door opened and the two came out into the hall-way, the elder man was heard to exclaim:

"Well, well, Charlie; if you love her so much as that, I don't know why I should object, although I have always hoped you would marry Judge Boatright's daughter, Sallie."

"Sallie Boatright I could never love as I do Gabrielle," was the reply of the younger man.

"Since you are determined then," continued the father, "you have my consent; but I don't want you to marry yet a while. Wait until you are of age. It will not be long now. A few months only, and in the meantime you can visit your Uncle Jacob, in North Carolina."

"Thank you, father;" said the young man, gratefully. "May I tel Gabrielle what you have told me?"

"Yes, yes; certainly. Tell her that I think it better for you two to separate a few months. I will make all necessary arrangements to-day, and you can leave to-morrow for Asheville."

When school was dismissed that night, Charlie was at the door, and as the lovers walked home, he told her the result of that morning's interview with Hashagen *père*.

"He was terribly mad at first," said Charlie, "and stormed and raved in

a frightful way, but I was stubborn, and finding that his attempt to coerce me would fail, he tried cajolery, which was equally unsuccessful. I plead my cause so well that I finally won him over to my way of thinking. I told him that I would soon be of age, and would then be free to do as I pleased. I would please to marry you, my darling. Well, after a long argument he finally admitted that he was powerless to prevent our marriage, and gave his consent to our union as soon as I come of age. In the meantime, however, he thinks it expedient that I should go away, and has made arrangements for me to pay a visit to my Uncle Jacob, in North Carolina. I shall leave to-morrow morning."

"Oh, Charlie, don't leave me," cried Gabrielle.

"Why not?"

"I fear something will happen. If you go away I shall never see you again."

"Nonsense!" said Charlie, gayly. "Father is all right. He may seem a little rough, but he has a good heart, and will see that you come to no harm when I am away."

Thus assured, Gabrielle dismissed from her mind all gloomy thoughts of the future, and looked forward with expectant eyes to the bliss that would be hers when she should become Charlie Hashagen's wife.

The pair went out as usual, for a parting stroll that night, and, as they passed from the house, John Hashagen was walking up and down the piazza, smoking his vespertine cigar. He accosted the lovers jocularly, and with a smiling face; but as they passed through the gate and waved him an adieu, his face grew dark with malevolent thoughts, and, with a curse upon his lips, he threw from him the half-smoked cigar, and went into the house. He locked himself into the library, and gave vent to his villanous thoughts in a soliloquy like this:

"Curses rest upon them both! I will not be outwitted by a beardless boy and a simpering girl! He shall go to North Carolina, and she—well, I don't think my son will have much to do with her after my scheme has had time to develop itself."

At this moment one of the servants announced Gideon Gannaway, and at a sign from his master admitted a man who will play an important part in this strange life-drama.

"Ah! Gideon," said John Hashagen, cordially, "I've got some work for you."

He led his visitor to a chair, and seating himself beside him, laid before his pliant tool a scheme of villany most atrocious. In brief it was this: Gideon Gannaway was the village storekeeper. He was to secrete some article about the person of the young school-teacher the next time she visited his store. After she left, he was to discover his loss, and openly accuse Gabrielle of theft. She would, of course, indignantly deny the imputation. A search would be made, the missing article would be found on her person, she would be arrested, tried, found guilty, and punished. The shame of such a scandal would effectually break up the match between Gabrielle and Charlie.

"All right, Mr. Hashagen," said Gideon Gannaway at parting; "I'll fix her. Good-night."

"Good-night, Gid," said the older villain. "I don't reckon Charlie will marry a thief. Ha! ha!"

In the Toils of the Enemy.

Miss Austin Falsely Accused—The Set of Jewelry—Arrested as a Common Thief—The Villain's Exultation.

THE next morning the lovers parted, Charlie to hasten on his journey to North Carolina, Gabrielle to remain in charge of her school. The final interview was a most affecting one. Poor Gabrielle sobbed and clung to the young man convulsively. The father watched them from the house porch and smiled sardonically.

"Write to me, Charlie, every day," said Gabrielle. "I shall miss you so much."

The young man promised, and with a last embrace, a parting kiss, dashed the gathering tears from his eyes and sprang into the carriage which was to convey him to the railroad depot.

"Good-bye, darling," he cried as the carriage moved away.

Gabrielle waved her handkerchief, and then, overcome with a great dread of impending evil, sank down upon a low rustic seat near the gate, and buried her tear-washed face in her trembling hands.

"I shall never see him again," she moaned. "Oh! Charlie, why did you leave me?"

Several days elapsed. Mr. Hashagen still treated the young teacher with that old-time politeness for which the Virginians are famous, but his face, at times, wore a sinister expression that boded no good to the innocent young girl. One night after school hours, Gabrielle stopped at the store of Gideon Gannaway, to make some trifling purchase. She paid for the article, and was turning away, when some little feminine knick-knack in the show-case attracted her attention. Gideon was behind the counter himself, and was quick to perceive her admiring glance.

"They're nice; real beauties! Eh! Miss Gabrielle," he said, opening the show-case, and displaying the articles which had attracted her eye.

The young girl stepped to the counter to admire the pretty things, and began to turn over in her mind the possibility of being able to purchase one when she next received her school money.

"Shall I wrap one of 'em up for you?" inquired Gannaway.

"I would much like to purchase one, sir, but just at present I can't afford it."

She blushed, and turned away from the counter. As she did so, the crafty storekeeper lifted up one of the glittering baubles and softly dropped it into Gabrielle's pocket. The action was so quick that she did not detect

him, and with a smile of satisfaction at the success of his little plot, Gideon replaced the jewelry in the show-case, and turned away to another part of the store. Gabrielle gathered up her purchases, and with a last glance of admiration at the treasures in the show-case, left the store, and walked quickly home. She had been gone but a few minutes when Gideon returned to the show-case containing the jewelry, which had attracted Gabrielle's attention. He looked into the case, and then turned sharply to his clerk.

"Have you sold one of these sets?" he said.

"No, sir," replied the young man, coming to his side.

"Then somebody has stolen one. I bought a half-dozen sets, and there are only five now."

To make assurance doubly sure he lifted out the tray and counted the contents again. The clerk did the same. But five sets remained.

"I just showed 'em to the school-teacher," said Gideon, with a cunning leer. "I'm pretty certain they were all there when she was looking at them. She went out suddenly, and Mrs. Gibson coming in, I put them back again without counting."

"You don't mean to say that Miss Gabrielle could have taken one?" cried the clerk, who, to tell the truth, had great admiration for the young teacher.

"Why not?" said Gideon. "You can't tell who to trust now-a-days. Anyway, it will do no harm to inquire. Perhaps she took it by mistake. I'll go over to Mr. Hashagen's and ask her about it."

He put on his hat, and started out. He did not go directly to John Hashagen's house, but stopped on the way, and told his loss to the village constable, a brutal and ignorant negro named Peter Andrews.

"I want you to come along with me, Pete," he said. "I don't say that this young woman took the jewelry, but she was the last one to whom I showed it, and the set is missing."

The pair went directly to John Hashagen's house, and Gideon Gannaway asked for Miss Gabrielle. The servant was about directing him to the parlor, when the door opened, and the beautiful young girl stood before them.

"Did you wish to see me, sir?" she asked, looked inquiringly from Gideon to Peter.

Her appearance was so sudden and unexpected, that Gideon trembled with guilty fear, and could not articulate a word. The negro, less sentimental, stepped to the front, and said:

"Hit's jus' this, missy. Marse Gid says as how he's los' some jew'lry, and we kum hyar to see if you knowed anythin' 'bout hit."

"Lost some jewelry!" cried Gabrielle, in astonishment. "What do I know of his jewelry?"

"You were the last one that I showed it to," said Gideon, pompously, "and after you left I missed one set."

With flashing eyes, heightened color, and form drawn proudly erect Gabrielle confronted the craven.

"Do you dare to charge me with the theft of your jewelry?" she cried.

"I don't charge you with anything," replied Gideon. "But the set can't be found, and you were the last person that I showed it to."

"Coward!" cried Gabrielle, white with indignation. "How dare you stand there and tell me that I am suspected of theft?"

She wheeled about and would have left the two men; but, at a signal from Gideon, the negro constable sprang forward and caught her by the arm.

"Hold on, missy," said Peter, "you may be innercent as a lam', but dat ain't 'cordin' to law. I'll hev to sarch you, honey."

One less hardened than he would have quailed before the fire of indignation that shot from the beautiful girl's eyes.

"Monster!" she shrieked, hoarsely, striving to break away from him.

"Search her pockets, Pete," cried Gideon Gannaway.

Thus commanded, the negro thrust his hand into the pocket of her dress, and pulled out, among other things, the missing set of jewelry.

"Hyar dey is, boss!" he said, holding up the ornaments.

"Now who's a thief?" was the exultant cry of Gideon Gannaway.

As for Gabrielle, she cast one swift and horrified glance at her accuser; looked piteously into the black face of Peter Andrews, and then, with a cry of agony that would have pierced a heart of adamant, sank to the floor in a dead faint. At the same instant, John Hashagen entered from a rear door, and stood for one minute guiltily staring at the innocent girl, whom his consummate villany had thus humiliated.

"She ain't—she ain't dead, is she?" he ventured, huskily; and great beads of perspiration rolled down his forehead.

"Jus' fainted, boss," said the negro, who was bending over her.

The arch villain cast one swift glance of inquiry at his tool, and then, in well-simulated astonishment, inquired:

"What's the matter, Gideon?"

In a few words, Gideon Gannaway told his master what the latter already knew, and when he appeared incredulous and hypocritically uplifted his wicked old eyes, was corroborated by the constable, and confronted with the missing jewelry found in Gabrielle's pocket.

"I can hardly believe it," said Hashagen. "So young, and with such a bright future before her. Gabrielle a thief! No! no! It can't be. There must be a mistake."

Gabrielle had recovered from the swoon, and slowly risen to her feet. She looked about her in a dazed way, and then, taking a step toward the father of her lover, said:

"Oh, sir, you don't think me guilty? You know that I would not steal. I, a thief! I, Gabrielle Austin, the daughter of one of God's ministers! No! no! gentlemen. You are joking."

"Sorter serious for a joke," said the negro, with a brutal laugh. "Reckon I'll hev to take you to de jail-house, if de boss dar sez so."

Gideon Gannaway glanced covertly at his patron. The latter replied, with a significant shrug of his shoulders:

"Well, it's no more'n right that I should protect myself," he said, quickly. "But I reckon Mr. Hashagen here will go security for her."

The horrors of the Whipping Post. Miss Austin sentenced to suffer for a crime of which she is perfectly innocent—stripped to the waist—publicly disgraced, and whipped by a negro constable.

Gabrielle turned to where John Hashagen had stood but a moment before. He was not there. She took a step towards the library door; objects swam before her eyes, she staggered, and with a low, despairing cry sank into a chair and burst into tears.

"Take her to jail, Pete," said Gideon Gannaway, turning away.

The negro advanced to her side and touched her arm. She looked up quickly.

"Come, missy; I'se got to 'bey orders. Git your things on and come with me."

"To ——," she faltered.

"Yes, missy, to jail!"

At these words Gabrielle seemed endowed with new resolution. She rose to her feet and facing the negro constable, raised her hand and said:

"I am innocent of this foul charge; as the great God above knows, I am innocent! But I will go! Yes, even to jail!"

Justice Perverted.

The Trial—Perjured Evidence—No Hope—Gabrielle's Agony of Mind—A Magistrate's Sympathy of no Avail—The Testimony Convicts Her.

GABRIELLE was conducted by the negro constable to the jail-house, but the jailer, a compassionate man, whose children were the young girl's pupils and devotedly attached to her, refused to consider the young teacher a common felon, and gave her a room with his own daughter.

"It's a burning shame," he said to the constable. "That girl is no more a thief than I am myself. She's made an enemy of old Jack Hashagen, and he's determined to crush her. She shall be made comfortable while she's in my charge, anyway."

So thoroughly crushed was the poor girl's spirit, so cruelly humiliated was she, so much shame, and misery, and degradation had been heaped upon her by this dastardly blow, that Gabrielle appeared like another person. She offered no explanation; neither denied nor admitted the truth of the charge. It all seemed like a horrid dream. She could not eat, she could not talk, she could not sleep, but all that weary night sat crouched in a chair, shivering with the great dread that fettered the buoyant pulsations of her young heart.

Not until the next morning did the village folk know of the shame that had been heaped upon the bright-eyed young stranger who had, in the short time she had been among them, gained a strong hold upon their respect and love. Indignation at the outrage was general. No one could be brought to believe the young school-teacher guilty. At nine o'clock a large crowd collected at the town-hall where the trial was to take place. Sympathy for Gabrielle was universal. A young lawyer, who was hopelessly in

love with the fair young prisoner, volunteered her defence. Under a recent law of the State her case would receive final adjudication before a magistrate, which officials had been given jurisdiction over all crimes of a petty character. So great was the excitement over the matter that nearly the whole town turned out to attend the trial. Conspicuous among the throng were the youthful faces of Gabrielle's pupils, clouded with grief for the sufferings of their beloved teacher. Not half the people could be accommodated in the court-room, and when the jailer approached the door with Gabrielle leaning on his arm, there was such a shout of genuine sympathy went up from the throats of those gathered about the door, that the young teacher's heart throbbed with joy and pride. All the world did not believe her guilty. John Hashagen, the negro constable, and the storekeeper Gideon Gannaway were all present, seated near the magistrate. Gabrielle was conducted to a seat within the railing, and when she raised her veil and looked about the room, with misty eyes and flushed cheeks, a murmur of indignation against her accusers arose, which the justice was powerless to quell. The storekeeper shifted himself uneasily on his chair and glanced apprehensively at John Hashagen. The latter, conscious of the power which wealth gave him, cared nothing for the sneers of his less fortunate fellow-citizens. He had plotted to ruin the character of the young school-teacher, and once undertaken, he was not the man to relinquish his perfidious persecution, because the world expressed indignation at his cruelty.

The case was opened by the magistrate, who adjusted his spectacles and inquired in a low voice what the young lady was charged with. Gideon Gannaway then told his story, and formally charged Gabrielle Austin, spinster, with the theft of one set of jewelry for female wear, valued at fifteen dollars.

"What say you to this charge, Miss Austin?" inquired the magistrate, kindly. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I am not guilty!" was Gabrielle's reply in a firm voice.

"Have you a lawyer?" again asked the magistrate.

Gabrielle was about to reply that she had not, when the young barrister before mentioned arose and volunteered to conduct the defence. He was amply rewarded by the grateful look with which the beautiful young girl regarded him. He subjected Gideon Gannaway to a rigid cross-examination, but the oily villain had been well-drilled and clung firmly to his original story. The negro constable, the clerk and John Hashagen were in turn examined and cross-examined. Their combined testimony tended to corroborate the storekeeper's charge. Matters began to look dark for Gabrielle, and a smile of exultation flitted across the face of the arch-villain, John Hashagen. Gabrielle herself was put upon the stand last. With a manner that carried conviction of innocence to the minds of her hearers, and in a voice that at times trembled with the pathos of indignation, she declared her innocence.

The magistrate was in a quandary. He himself believed Gabrielle innocent. The evidence pointed to her guilt. He was sworn to abide by the law and the evidence. When Gabrielle had finished her story a dead

silence fell upon the court-room. It was broken by the voice of the magistrate.

"Miss Austin," he said, "by virtue of my office I am placed in a most unpleasant situation. I believe you are innocent, and I think that conviction is general with the people here present."

"It is!" cried several voices.

Without noticing this corroborative interruption the magistrate continued:

"I believe you innocent. The evidence which has been given in this case conclusively points to your guilt. It is not in my power to go behind that evidence. I must believe you guilty, and pronounce the sentence of the law."

At these words a murmur of disapproval arose, which was with difficulty silenced by the court officers.

"The sentence of the court then is," said the magistrate in a voice that trembled with emotion, "that you be publicly whipped on the bare back nine and thirty times, by the officer appointed for that purpose, and, in accordance with the law governing the punishment of the whipping-post, the officer is directed to carry out the sentence of the court immediately."

During the delivery of this sentence, Gabrielle had risen to her feet and stood staring straight forward, with an appealing expression on her fair young face that touched even the stony heart of old John Hashagen. As the last words of the magistrate fell upon her ears, she clasped her white hands convulsively and raised her eyes to Heaven as though in appeal to her Heavenly Father for strength to sustain her during this terrible ordeal. Then she sank back in her seat and burst into tears.

"Shame! Shame!" cried several men in the crowd, jumping to their feet.

"Silence in the court!" sternly commanded the magistrate.

This sentence was so grossly unjust, that the better nature of the people revolted against it, and it looked doubtful if it were possible to execute the terrible sentence of the court in the face of such stubborn feeling against the indignity.

John Hashagen rose to his feet, and silence fell upon the crowded court-room. He was the richest man in the county, and although disliked personally, was respected and looked up to on account of his great wealth.

"Fellow-citizens," he began, in a cold, rasping voice, "we all feel for this unfortunate young lady—no one perhaps more deeply than I do. I have taken great interest in her. Since she came among us, she has been an inmate of my house. I myself believe her innocent. As the magistrate says, the evidence proves her guilty. We are all good citizens, I hope; and although it seems unjust, we must abide by the law."

He resumed his seat, and again there was silence. All saw the wisdom of his remarks, and all thought them disinterested; but behind his shaggy brows a pair of cold eyes flashed with cruel joy at the impression his words had made.

The magistrate beckoned to the negro constable, and said, in a low tone of voice:

"Perform your duty, officer!"

Peter Andrews approached Gabrielle, and touched her arm. She looked up and shuddered.

"Oh! my God!" she cried; "have mercy!"

"Must do it, missy," said the negro, and taking her arm he assisted the trembling girl to arise, and led her sobbing and crying from the court-house, followed by the black looks and muttered threats of all who loved the young teacher and believed her innocent.

A Brave Man's Chivalry.

Miss Austin Condemned to be Publicly Whipped—Stripped to the Waist—Tied to the Whipping-Post—A Negro Constable to Apply the Lash!—An Exciting Scene—A Mysterious Knight of Modern Times—Who was he?

THE State of Delaware is noted for its old-fashioned laws and old-time punishments for criminals. It still retains the whipping-post, the pillory and the stocks. Since the war, several of the Southern States have established that cruel torture of a barbaric age, the WHIPPING-POST. Virginia has it, South Carolina, Alabama and Missouri have lately adopted it. The present legislatures of North Carolina and Tennessee will probably enact a law punishing petty crimes in this manner. It had been a law in Virginia but a short time when Gabrielle Austin was so unjustly sentenced to undergo its punishment for a crime of which she was innocent. The whipping-post had just been set up in Sanderson, and this pure young girl was to be the first victim.

Tremblingly she was led to the instrument of torture. The crowd gathered about her in silence. Tears filled many eyes. The women in particular sobbed aloud. Even the magistrate cried behind his handkerchief. Two men only, except the brutal executioner, looked on coolly and unfeelingly—John Hashagen and his suppliant tool, the storekeeper Gamaway. A chair had been brought out, and in this the young girl was placed. An awkward break occurred. Finally the constable advanced, and placed his cruel hands on the neck of the young girl. She started back as though stung by a serpent, and a flush of scornful indignation tinged cheek and neck. Then, as though conscious of her weakness, she dropped her arms, which had been drawn up to protect her fair bosom, and the revolting and shameful outrage proceeded. Coarse men who had been attracted thither out of curiosity, could not look upon such a brutal and bestial desecration unmoved, and turned away their heads in shame. At last the horrid task was completed, and the lascivious eyes of Peter Andrews gloated over the beauty and grace of the pure bosom bared to the

vulgar gaze. He placed his arm about her, and lifted her to the post. The round white arms were pinioned, and a sickening dread filled the hearts of those who watched the preparations for torture with breathless interest. The negro constable looked well to the fastenings of his poor helpless prisoner, and then took the whip from the hands of an assistant. The magistrate stood near to count the strokes.

"Are you ready?" asked the magistrate.

"Yes, sah!" replied the negro, raising aloft the cruel thong.

Another moment, and the lash would bury itself in the quivering flesh of the poor girl. Strong men held their breath and closed their eyes. The women shrieked and screamed. All expectantly they awaited the fulfilment of the law's decision. The negro curved his arm and raised the lash above his head. Several times it circled round, and then swiftly descended upon the white back of the innocent girl. A livid welt across the shoulders indelibly marked the law's degrading consummation of its sentence.

"One!" cried the magistrate under his breath; and the people shuddered as a low moan of anguish issued from the pale lips of poor Gabrielle.

Again the brutal executioner raised his heavy whip. Again the lash circled round his head. Before it could fall a second time, a man dashed through the crowd, and with one well-directed blow stretched the negro on the ground. Then whipping from his pocket a knife, he cut the thongs which bound Gabrielle's wrists and threw over her shoulders the articles of clothing which the brutal hand of Peter Andrews had torn from her pure body. Wheeling, then, he faced the crowd, and those nearest him saw the glitter of a pistol drawn quickly from the breast pocket of his coat.

"Are you men," cried the stranger, "that you stand here and permit this outrage to proceed?"

A cheer of approval greeted the daring man as he uttered these words, and several men sprang to his side with set and determined faces.

"No, we won't allow it!" cried one man, and the crowd took up the refrain.

"No, it must stop!" they shouted.

One man pushed his way to the front, and cried out, "Suppose we give Gid Gannaway what his perjured testimony would have inflicted on this poor girl."

"Yes, yes;" yelled the crowd. "Let's give the perjurer nine and thirty well laid on."

The cowardly storekeeper started to flee, but was caught and dragged up to the post. Angry hands were outstretched to tear away his clothing and lay bare his body. One man seized the whip, and despite the wretch's pleas for mercy, laid on the blows with all the force of a strong arm, and when nine and thirty had been counted, administered one more for good measure, as he said, which cut deeply into the flesh. Then they untied his hands, and he dropped to the ground in a dead faint, blood flowing from a score of gashes.

We all know what a southern "back country" mob is capable of when fully aroused. The constable sneaked away, and John Hashagen took

refuge in the court-house. The magistrate in vain tried to quell the rising tumult. The crowd was mad with indignant passion, and capable of going to any extreme. The kind-hearted jailer conducted Gabrielle to his house, and his wife and daughter placed her in bed. She lay in a state of semi-consciousness, silently brooding over the great indignity that had been heaped upon her. The crowd in the public square leaped and danced about the prostrate body of the miserable storekeeper with a fiendish glee, Some were in favor of hanging him even. They had no pity for the craven but left him lying on the ground, and began to search for the young stranger, who had so bravely and chivalrously defended a woman's sacred honor.

He was not to be found!

No one saw him come, and no one saw him depart. No one knew him, and they only recollected that he had a handsome face, and a form like an Ajax.

An Accidental Meeting.

The United States Marshal—A Visit—A Rival in the Field—Love's Suspicions.

SYMPATHY for poor Gabrielle was unanimous among these kind-hearted people, and the jailer and his family nursed and tended her until she, in a measure, recovered from the shock of that terrible day's experience. As soon as she was able to travel, and despite the many kind invitations to remain, which poured in upon the unfortunate girl from all quarters, she made known her determination to leave a spot that from its associations had become hateful to her.

She anxiously expected a letter from Charlie, but as yet had received no answer to the many tender and loving messages she sent to him. In the hurry of his sudden departure she neglected to get from him the address of his uncle in North Carolina. She therefore inquired from John Hashagen. The old villain told her that this uncle lived at Charlotte. To Charlotte, therefore, she directed her letters. As Charlie's real destination was Asheville, of course he did not receive Gabrielle's letters. The poor girl could bear the shame and disgrace of her unjust trial, condemnation and happily prevented punishment without a murmur, but the neglect of the man she loved so passionately weighed heavily upon her heart. She knew not what to think. She could not believe that Charlie—her Charlie—would so soon forget her.

In the neighborhood of Asheville, North Carolina, lived a married cousin of Gabrielle's, and to her the poor, heart-broken girl wrote, asking permission to pay her a visit until such time as she could arrange for the future. A prompt reply to her letter was received, and the invitation to come thither was given with such genuine hospitality, that Gabrielle lost no time in hurrying her departure. Her misfortunes had won for her many friends,

and when the stage which was to convey her to the railroad depot, at Belham, drew up at the door of the kind-hearted jailer's house, nearly the entire town turned out to bid her farewell. Such genuine and unmistakable affection, so touchingly shown, caused her heart to thrill with pride, and when the stage drove away, followed by the cheers of the male members of the crowd who had collected to see her off, she could only bury her face in her hands and sob with childish joy.

She reached Asheville without further adventure. The husband of her cousin was at the depot to receive her, and his greeting was so cordial, that Gabrielle fell in love with him immediately. He was a fine-looking young fellow, and spoke proudly of his wife and baby, both of whom he seemed to love devotedly.

"We're poor people, up here, Gabrielle," he said, "and can only give you rough mountain welcome; but such as it is you are heartily welcome."

Gabrielle noticed that his clothes were of uniform blue, and that his coat was adorned with braid and brass buttons.

"Are you a soldier, sir?" she asked.

"Call me Dick, please," said the young man, laughing. "It's true we are not blood relations, but I mean always to regard you as such. No; I am not a soldier. This uniform is that of the internal revenue department. I am a deputy United States marshal, and a great many of the people here hate me for it."

He then explained to the beautiful girl the duties appertaining to his office. It was his business to assist the collectors of internal revenue, and to prevent violations of revenue laws. The mountainous section of several of the Southern States is the home and hiding-place of thousands of illicit distillers, who carry on their illegal business in the secrecy of mountain caverns, and put the government to much trouble. Although a large force of marshals, and whole regiments of soldiers are employed in breaking up the business of the "moonshiners" and "blockaders,"* the frequent raids and arrests made by them seem in no way to deter these bold outlaws. There are as many illicit distilleries in operation to-day in the Southern States as there were ten years ago, although many stills have been confiscated, thousands of gallons of liquor destroyed, and hundreds of distillers captured and thrown into prison. There seems only one way in which the government can hope to make these people law-abiding, and that is by removing the obnoxious tax upon distilled liquors.

Dick Allison lived about five miles from Asheville, and although his ome was but an humble four-roomed log house it was an earthly paradise

Gabrielle, who speedily won her way into the affection of both her host and hostess, and was especially loved by the baby. She assisted her cousin in the performance of her household duties, and was a welcome companion when the husband was absent on a raid, he frequently being away for weeks

* The term "moonshiners" was given to illicit distillers in the mountains on account of their presumed partiality for moonlight nights, upon which to manufacture their liquor. "Blockaders" are the men who convey the illicit liquor to market.

Miss Austin said, "It seemed like the 'Valley of the Shadow of Death' when a vivid flame flashed across my eyes, and Allison, the U. S. Marshal, was a dead man—shot down at my very side."

Fräulein Austin sagte: „Es schien hier wie das ‚Thal des Todesschattens,' als ein greller Blitz mein Angesicht erleuchtete und Allison, der Ver. Staaten Marschall, war ein todter Mann, an meiner Seite niedergeschossen."

at a time. In this quiet way the summer passed, and autumn—golden, mellow autumn—arrived, painting with the hand of Divinity the foliage of the primeval forests which covered the grand old mountains of that picturesque region from base to summit. This was the busy season for the illicit distillers. The new crop of corn and fruit was being harvested, and the mountains were alive with "moonshiners," industriously plying their dangerous business. Marshal Dick Allison was absent from his home now, nearly all the time. One night he came home, and after kissing the baby and his young wife, threw his tired body on the bed, and said:

"Lizzie, I'm going to Asheville to-morrow morning early. I've got three prisoners there in jail, and they'll have a hearing to-morrow before the commissioner. If you want to go down and make some purchases, I'll drive there in the wagon."

"I can't possibly go to-morrow, Dick," said his wife, "and I do need some necessary articles from the store that I wouldn't have a man to select for me. Suppose you go, Gabrielle?"

"With pleasure," said Gabrielle; and so it was settled that she should go to Asheville the next day.

They were up and off betimes next morning, and when they reached Asheville, Marshal Allison proceeded to the jail, leaving Gabrielle to wander about the town, and select the articles desired by his wife. He promised to call for her at the hotel at noon.

It was nearly noon when Gabrielle completed her last purchase, and started for the hotel where Mr. Allison had left the team. She was walking along the street, busily intent on keeping the numerous bundles which she carried from falling to the ground, when, happening to glance across the street, she saw a face and figure deeply imprinted on her heart.

Walking up the street, on the opposite side, chatting gayly with a young lady, who clung familiarly to his arm, was Charlie Hashagen, the man who had promised to love her to eternity. Her dream of love was o'er. The presence of this lady companion explained his silence. He loved another!

It was a cruel blow, but she bore up under it with firmness. Ten minutes after this accidental meeting she could have confronted him face to face, as coolly as though he were a stranger. She might be indignant, furious; that would be natural, for

> "Hell knows no fury
> Like a woman scorned."

Thus do I Punish my Enemies.

In the Valley of the Shadow of Death—Redmond, the Outlaw, in Ambush—The United States Marshal Assassinated—A Discovery.

GABRIELLE said nothing of her discovery to Mr. Allison. In fact she had not mentioned the name of her lover, or any of the circumstances sur-

rounding her stay in Sanderson, to even her cousin. She locked the secret in her heart, and strove to hide the skeleton of her outraged love under a smiling face, and unnatural effervescence of spirits.

A few miles out from Asheville, the road leading to Dick Allison's plantation passed through a wild and gloomy stretch of mountain country. Tall cliffs darkened the road on either side, and great boulders hung threateningly over the roadway. When they reached this gruesome spot, both were in high spirits, laughing and chatting like magpies. When the shadow of the cliffs shut out the glad sunlight, Gabrielle stopped in the middle of a brilliant story which she was relating, and her face grew suddenly grave.

"What a gloomy spot!" she exclaimed, under her breath. "It reminds one of the Valley of the Shadow of Death!"

Were these words prophetic? The catastrophe of the next minute seemed to indicate as much. They had not proceeded two rods before this gorge became overcast with the shadow of death in reality. Hidden deep among the dense undergrowth which fringed the road on either side, were a dozen armed men, sworn enemies of the man driving on to doom all unsuspicious of danger. Suddenly a vivid flame lit up the fringe of bushes by the roadside; there was a sharp shock, and Marshal Dick Allison fell back into the body of the wagon, with a half-dozen bullet-holes through his body—dead!

The frightened horses reared and plunged, and the assassins leaped into the road, and grasped the animals before they could dash away in their mad fright. So suddenly had this tragedy begun, and so swiftly ended, that Gabrielle could only show her great terror in the frenzied look of horror which she cast upon the bearded men who crowded about the wagon. She did not hear their exclamations of admiration as they gazed upon her wondrous beauty. She only knew that a terrible murder had been committed; that her companion was the victim, and that the hands of these wild-looking men were red with blood. At last, she raised her head. The men who had first crowded around the wagon had stepped back, and one who seemed to be the leader approached her.

"Don't be frightened, young lady," said the new-comer. "You shall not be harmed."

The voice was one of gentleness, and sounded strangely familiar to the frightened girl. She looked eagerly into the speaker's face, and a cry of amazement burst from her lips.

It was the daring stranger who had rescued her from the terrible punishment of the whipping-post!

Yes. It was he, standing there before her, accoutred in a wild and fanciful garb that set off his muscular form to great advantage. His beauty was not of that strong and florid type so much admired by women, and yet there was great beauty in his face. Under other circumstances, Gabrielle would have looked upon him with admiring eyes. Now it was with a sickening aversion in her heart, for this man's hands were as deeply dyed with blood as those of his associates. He was of medium height, but his

frame was so well-knit, so finely proportioned, that he had the appearance of being taller than he really was. His eyes were blue, large, and expressive. His forehead was broad and white, and his nose and lips were as delicately shaped as a woman's. His chin was small and dimpled, and the carnation glow of perfect health tinged his sun-browned cheeks. A silky moustache adorned rather than concealed the proud curve of his upper lip. But the most striking feature was his hair. It was a golden mass that any woman would have been proud of. It rippled back from the broad brow, and fell far down on his shoulders in curls of spun gold. The hair and eyes and mouth and chin were decidedly feminine; what was it then that caused men to quail and tremble when this man's eye fell upon them? Was his face an index of his character? We answer, no! All who have met him are at first impressed that his will is as delicate as his features. All are mistaken. Those innocent blue eyes have looked upon the dying agonies of many brave men without one quiver of shrinking horror in their slumbrous depths. Those slender, shapely hands are stained with human blood. Gabrielle was in the presence of that terrible desperado, the terror of the mountain South—REDMOND, THE OUTLAW!

Yes, it was he. This man with the woman's hair, and the baby-blue eyes was the acknowledged head of the most desperate band of outlaws of modern or ancient times. From the security of his mountain home this golden-haired man hurled defiance into the very teeth of his enemies, and set all law at naught. The dead man in the wagon beside her had told strange and startling tales of this man's wild career, a career that outrivals the wildest flights of romance. He had spoken of Redmond as an enemy to be dreaded. Only the day before he had said to her:

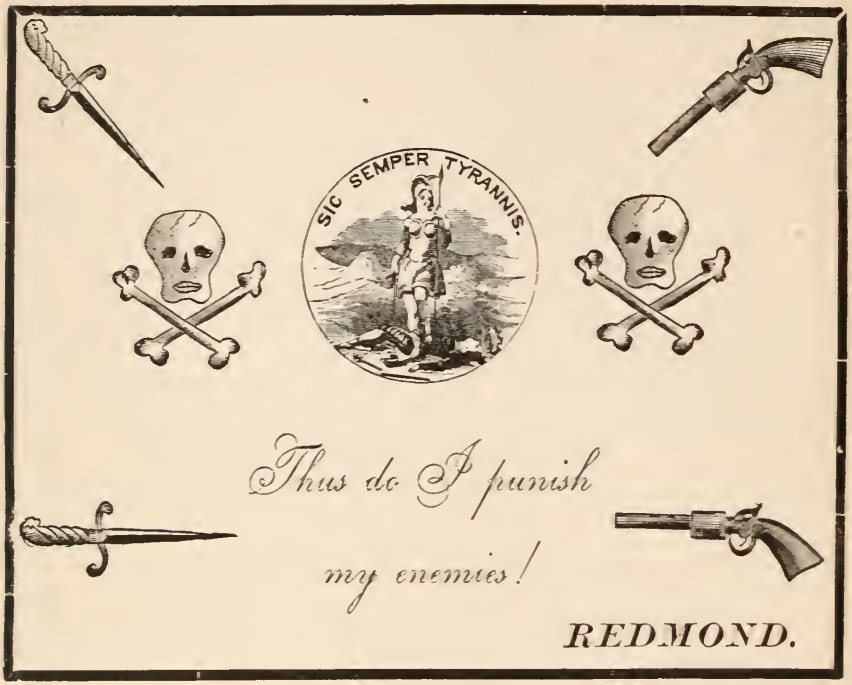
"Redmond has sworn to kill me if we ever meet."

The two men had met, and Redmond had kept his oath. Without warning, as one might kill a venomous reptile, or a dangerous animal, the outlaw had bushwhacked his victim.

She looked upon the face upturned to hers with horror, and yet she should have been grateful to him, for he had saved her from shameful humiliation. The outlaw was leaning carelessly on his carbine, yet smoking from the fatal discharge, and when he saw the look of horror which overspread the fair girl's face, his brow knotted itself into a dark frown, and the face that in repose seemed angelic was now demoniacal. He turned on his heel quickly and spoke to one of his band in a low tone of voice. The man thus addressed nodded to one of his companions, and the two approached the wagon.

"Come, miss!" said one, taking her arm. She made no resistance, and with the assistance of his mate, the outlaw lifted her from the wagon and led her into the bushes on the right-hand side of the road. She believed they meant to kill her, and a prayer to Heaven trembled on her lips. A short distance from the road were tethered the horses of the band. Here Gabrielle and her captors halted. Those who had been left behind in the road laid the body of the dead marshal in the bottom of the wagon, and turning the heads of the horses toward home, started them forward with

their inanimate passenger. Then one of the band took a printed placard from his pocket and pinned it on the breast of the dead man. Below is given a *fac simile* of this terrible message of vengeance:



REDMOND'S PLACARD.

Redmond's Rocky Home

In Captivity—Miss Austin's Dreadful Forebodings—Awaiting the Chief's Return.

After completing their horrid task, the assassins joined their companions at the spot to which Gabrielle had been conducted. Redmond, however, did not put in an appearance. Acting under his directions, the prisoner was given a horse; and surrounded by the band, the whole party rode off rapidly in the direction of Mount Mitchell. Gabrielle received no intimation from her captors of what was to be her fate; and the shock of that terrible occurrence in the Valley of the Shadow of Death had so benumbed her faculties, that she was hardly conscious of what was passing around her. Toward nightfall the party reached the foot of the mountain; and arriving at a point where steep cliffs effectually barred their further progress, the horses were left in charge of two of the band, who led them away toward a neighboring thicket. The balance of the party continued the ascent of the mountain on

foot. After an hour's hard marching up an incline not far from the perpendicular, climbing by means of jutting rocks and stray shrubs, they at last reached an open plateau level as a floor, and with an area of about five hundred yards. This plain was guarded on one side—or rather on three sides, for it was of a crescent shape, being broadest in the centre—by a fringe of fir trees. The concave side was backed by a precipitous cliff, running up five hundred feet as smoothly as the front of a house. In the heart of this cliff was an immense cave, and in it lived the desperadoes, headed by Redmond, the outlaw. This house, with a floor and roof and walls of solid granite many feet thick, was entered through an arched door, placed nearly in the centre of the cliff. Into this strange abode Gabrielle was conducted. After passing through a long and narrow gallery, which curved gradually to the left, they came at last to a large chamber, which was the principal abode of the outlaws. This great room was lighted by day through apertures pierced in the roof. At night a large fire of resinous wood in the centre of the apartment cast weird and ghastly shadows around the walls of the room, but did not pierce the gloom which shrouded the arched dome above. When Gabrielle entered, twenty or thirty men were seated about the fire. They were variously engaged. Some were cleaning their guns, others repairing their clothes, one or two were reading. All were busy. The appearance of a young and pretty woman among them drew all eyes upon the frightened Gabrielle, who shrank back behind her captors. One of the men who had accompanied her, seeing that this rude attention affrighted his charge, spoke to one of those seated about the fire, who seemed to be in authority.

"The capting ordered we'uns to bring this gal woman along with us. He'll be hyar afore daylight, and will give us furder orders. She's to hev some supper, and a room to-night."

The man to whom he addressed these words arose from his seat before the fire, and came forward to where Gabrielle was standing.

"All right, Morgan; I'll take charge of her," he said. And then turning to Gabrielle, he took her hand and led her forward to the fire.

"We'uns are a rough lot, miss," he said, in a kindly, apologetic way; "but you needn't be skeared. You're as safe hyar as you would be in your own mammy's house."

This allusion to the mother, who died before she was old enough to miss her, opened the floodgates of the poor girl's heart, and sinking down upon the rude seat, which had been dragged up to the fire for her, she burst into tears, and great sobs of anguish shook her frame.

The stern faces of the rude men gathered about her softened and grew gentle, and in their homely way they tried to comfort her. She had passed through the frightful occurrences of that day tearless. Now came that blessed reaction, that loosing of the tense-drawn nerves which always leaves us better and stronger. Finding that their well-meant offers of sympathy and consolation had no effect upon the grief of the fair young creature, the outlaws left her alone with her sorrow, which finally spent itself, and she began to look about her with some curiosity.

Seeing that she had recovered somewhat from the first fierce transports of grief, the man who had led her to the fire again approached her, and inquired if she would like some supper. The poor girl had not eaten a morsel since morning; but her heart was too full of recent sorrow to allow her to eat; she simply shook her head.

"When you want to go to bed," said the outlaw, "Tom, thar," pointing to a negro on the other side of the fire, "will show you your room. Good-night."

He held out his broad brown hand, and Gabrielle just touched the palm with her white fingers. She could not help shuddering; for despite his kindly face, she believed this man's hands were dyed with human blood. Rising to her feet, she followed the negro across the room. She noticed then, for the first time, that several doors opened out of the main room. In front of one of these her sable conductor halted, and taking from his pocket a key unlocked the heavy door, and held it open for her to enter.

"You'll fin' matches an' a candle on de table, missy," he said, removing the key from the lock and fitting it on the inside of the door.

Gabrielle passed by him into the room, and by the light of the fire outside saw an apartment sixteen by twenty feet, hewn out of the solid rock, and furnished in a rude though comfortable fashion. Going forward to the table which stood at one end of the room, she lighted a candle, and then closed and locked the door. Two reed-bottom chairs, the table before referred to, a rough dressing-case, and a cot bed, comprised the furniture of the room. Some effort at comfort had been made by covering the stone floor with a home-made rag carpet. A case or frame was hung against the wall opposite the bed, and contained a bundle of magazines and illustrated papers, and several books. Two or three coarse pictures adorned the walls. One represented the "Hero Martyrs of the Confederacy;" another was "Scene at the death-bed of Stonewall Jackson," and a colored lithograph female head was entitled "The Mountain Rose."

The white bed looked inviting, and—first praying to the great Giver of all good, asking that mercy be shown friend and enemy alike, and that His protecting influence should abide with her for all future time—she disrobed and crept into bed.

Profound silence reigned about her, and it was not many minutes before sleep closed her eyes and shut out the dread phantasmagoria that had flitted through her mind since the terrible scene that morning in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The Lover to the Rescue.

Asheville Greatly Excited—Arrival of the Marshal's Body—No Volunteers for a Rescue—The Young Lover Goes Alone.

Leaving Gabrielle to complete her sleep in the rocky home of the outlaws, we will turn to other scenes. Asheville—in fact Buncombe county—

was excited and indignant. The faithful horses of the murdered marshal, true to their instinct, had arrived safely at the stable door, and the placarded body was discovered by the young wife. The alarm was given, and the news spread like wildfire. Redmond had punished another enemy. Although the dead man had held a position which was inimical to the interests of a great majority of his neighbors, he was generally well liked, and now that he had been so foully murdered, not one could be found to speak of him unkindly.

Nearly half the male population of Asheville hastened to the scene of the murder as soon as the news was received, and many were the conjectures as to what disposition had been made of the young girl who was the marshal's companion. All pronounced the murder a brutal outrage, all were convinced that the murderers should be followed up and punished, but no one volunteered to lead a party against the outlaw chieftain. Many through fear, and after their first natural indignation had subsided, rather condoned the offence.

"He was a revenue officer, and would have killed a 'moonshiner' if he had had the chance," they said.

Among the crowd who gathered about the fatal spot was Charlie Hashagen. As yet he knew not that the beautiful young girl who had been carried away, and perhaps murdered, by the outlaws, was his own beloved Gabrielle. He had never ceased to think of her, nor to wonder why she so cruelly neglected him. As soon as he arrived in Asheville he despatched her a letter, and before an answer could possibly have time to reach him, sent off another. It is needless to remark that these two letters, and the many that subsequently were sent to Gabrielle's address in Sanderson, never reached their destination. They were intercepted and destroyed by the scheming old villain, John Hashagen. Fearful that the object of his love might be ill, Charlie wrote to his father for an explanation; and the old scoundrel replied, that Gabrielle had been detected in the act of stealing jewelry from the store of Gideon Gannaway; that she had been convicted of the offence charged, and punished for her crime at the whipping-post; and that, after remaining in town a few days, she had disappeared, whither no one knew.

The letter was worded skilfully, but it did not deceive the lover. Putting this and that circumstance together, he came to the conclusion that a gigantic plot had been engineered through by his father, to ruin his happiness and destroy the character of the woman he loved. He wrote to friends in Sanderson, making inquiries about the matter, but had as yet received no satisfactory clew to the whereabouts of Gabrielle.

He did not know that the young lady who had been captured by Redmond was *his* Gabrielle, and although he felt a natural and chivalric sympathy for the unfortunate girl who had been so mysteriously made away with, he was not reckless enough to volunteer her rescue from the toils of the man who was so generally feared as the golden-haired outlaw. After gratifying that natural curiosity which seems inherent in the American mind, the crowd dispersed.

Bray, Lieutenant of the Redmond Band, attempts Miss Austin's honor, and is shot dead by his Chieftain.

Bray, der Lieutenant von Redmond's Bande, macht einen Versuch auf Fräulein Austin's Ehre und wird von dem Hauptmann erschossen.

Did it never occur to the reader, that the Americans are the most morbidly curious people in the world? For instance, none but an American crowd would stand for hours gazing at the spot where some startling occurrence had taken place, when, in ordinary, the spot did not possess interest enough to merit even a passing glance. Just after the robbery of the Stewart vault in St. Mark's churchyard, New York city, eager and excited crowds were clustered about the spot from early morning until late at night, gazing with all-absorbing curiosity at the *hole in the ground*, through which the grave-robbers effected an entrance into the vault!

Charlie Hashagen, in common with the friends who accompanied him from Asheville, had carefully scrutinized the trees and shrubs and rocks in the immediate vicinity of the spot where the murder took place, and his curiosity being gratified was turning away, when one of the onlookers exclaimed:

"Poor Miss Austin! It were better for her that she met death, than the fate in store for her, if she is yet alive!"

"Miss Austin!" cried Charlie, pushing his way to the side of the speaker. "Pray what was her first name, and where is she from?"

"It's a strange name," continued the first speaker, not noticing Charlie's agitation.

"Not Gab—!"

"Yes, that's it; Gabrielle Austin. Dick told me only a day or two ago, poor fellow. She's some kin of his wife's, and came here about three or four months ago from Goochland county, Virginia."

"My God!" cried Charlie, "Gabrielle! my Gabrielle in danger!"

"You knew her then?" asked the man.

"I loved her," moaned Charlie, while his face paled and his voice trembled. "She was to be my wife, and now—great God!—Why have I remained so long idle when she is in danger?"

"You can't do anything," continued the man. "Don't you know that Redmond, the outlaw, captured her?"

"What care I?" cried Charlie, with flashing eyes. "Redmond is but a man."

"He has killed fifty men."

"I care not if he has killed five hundred."

"You surely wouldn't dare to—"

"Dare! What will a man not dare for the woman he loves? Yes, I dare to hunt this terrible outlaw down. I dare to meet him on his own ground. I dare to demand at his hand the poor woman I love, or satisfaction."

"You're a fool!" said the man, turning away.

When it became known that the light-hearted, merry-faced young man, who had figured so prominently as a ladies' man at all the festive gatherings for miles around, a man considered capable of performing no greater deed of daring than flirting with a pretty married woman in the presence of her husband, was really bent on hunting down the king of the "moon-

shiners," an excited and apprehensive crowd gathered about him, and endeavored to dissuade him from so perilous an undertaking.

In vain! Charlie was determined to go. He secured the loan of a brace of pistols from one friend, a horse from another, and then, making diligent inquiry as to the probable location of the outlaw's den, he mounted his horse, and rode boldly off in the direction of Mount Mitchell.

"It's the last time we'll ever see him alive," said one of his friends. "Poor fellow!"

An Outlaw's Hospitality.

Gabrielle Treated with grect Respect—A Modern Claude Duvalle—An Educated Outlaw.

We left Gabrielle Austin asleep in the room which had been assigned her in the rocky home of Redmond, the outlaw. She was awakened by hearing a heavy knock at the door. She listened a moment, and then asked:

"Who's there?"

"Me, missy," replied a voice which she recognized as belonging to the negro Tom. "Brek'fus is ready."

Her little room was quite light, irradiated from without through apertures cut through the roof of the cave. The shifting light falling aslant the crystal stalactites which hung from the roof and walls of the cave high above her head, sent out refractions of color which made the grotto a fairy-palace. Not neglecting to offer up thanks to God, on her bended knees, for his mercies and goodness, Gabrielle made her toilet and then seated herself at the table awaiting the pleasure of her captors. She selected at random one of the volumes from the shelf hung against the wall. It was Tom Moore's "Lalla Rookh." Surprised, she glanced at the titles of the other volumes. An odd copy of Dickens and Waverly, several of the poets, and "Murrell, the Land Pirate," comprised the collection. With the exception of the last-named, they were such books as a person of culture and refinement would be apt to read. One volume, in particular, attracted her attention. There was no title on the book, and opening it, she saw that it was Buckle's "Philosophy of English Civilization," and from its well-worn appearance, it had evidently been read carefully. The blank portion of the printed pages was crowded with annotations and comments, written in a fine, delicately shaded hand. Surely, a man—for although the chirography was feminine, Gabrielle could not believe that a woman's hand penned it—who read and annotated Buckle so learnedly, must be a strange character to head a band of desperate outlaws. On the fly-leaf of every book appeared the name "Redmond," in the same delicate handwriting, and Gabrielle had undoubtedly been given the chamber in which the king of the "moonshiners" spent his moments of retirement and rest. She read a few random stanzas from the book which she had selected, when a knock at the door brought her to her feet.

"Missy," said the negro, "Marse Redmond sends his compliments. If you is dressed, he will send you brek'fus!"

Gabrielle replied that her toilet preparations were completed, and unlocked the door. In a few minutes the negro reappeared, bearing a tray, on which was a meal that might tempt an epicure. To it she did ample justice, and when the remains of the feast were removed, busied herself in tidying up the room. This task completed, she seated herself at the table, and again consulted that beautiful imagery which breathed in every line of barbaric Eastern splendor. So deeply absorbed was she in the glowing language of the poet, that the door opened unobserved, and when, in turning the pages, her eyes for a moment wandered from the book, she was astonished to see the king of the outlaws standing before her. She started, and dropped the book.

"I am sorry that I interrupted you, miss," said the outlaw, with a low bow, "but my time is not my own. I knocked several times for admittance, but you did not answer, and I ventured to open the door. You are fond of Moore?"

The outlaw dropped into a chair on the opposite side of the table, and leaned his face upon his small brown hand. The yellow curls fell about his neck like a crown of glory, and the great blue eyes beamed upon her with a sensitive sympathy in their slumbrous depths. Gabrielle was so confused that she did not answer, and the outlaw continued in the same soft, delicately-modulated voice:

"This is my sanctum. We live in a rude fashion here; but it is in my power to provide you with any delicacy that you may desire. Any wish that you may have shall be gratified as soon as expressed."

Gabrielle assured him that she was comfortable, and she could hardly believe that this golden-haired, sensitive-faced man was in reality the terrible outlaw whose deeds of bloodshed had made his name famous throughout the land.

"Well, then, since you are satisfied," said Redmond, "I can only say that your privacy here is sacred. We are rough men, but you are my guest, and"—here the speaker's voice rose proudly, and his blue eyes flashed with unwonted fire—"I am king here!"

There was a silence of several minutes, during which Gabrielle studied the face of the outlaw carefully. Finally Redmond spoke.

"Austin is your name, is it not, miss?"

"Yes, sir; Gabrielle Austin," was the reply; but she wondered how he possessed himself of the information.

"Gabrielle!" continued the outlaw, musingly. "A very peculiar, but a very pretty name. It does credit to the bearer."

This compliment caused the young girl to blush. The quick eye of Redmond detected the change of color, and a just faintly perceptible smile swept over his face.

"It is not my province to flatter," he said. "Pray believe that that complimentary allusion was meant in good faith—my sincere opinion."

Such frankness caused Gabrielle to blush even more deeply than before, and she raised the book to hide her confusion.

"I am Redmond," said the outlaw, with a suddenness that caused poor Gabrielle to pale with terror. He affected not to notice her agitation, and continued: "Men say that I am a desperado and an outlaw. Well, I care little for their opinion. You, Miss Austin, are the first person, male or female, who has ever been admitted to my stronghold. I don't know that I am exercising good policy in bringing you here. In fact, I don't know what made me order your removal to this place. I think it was because I saw horror written upon your face when I stood before you in the road. You looked upon me as a man who was incapable of anything good—"

"No, no!" interrupted Gabrielle; for she recollected the outlaw's interference in her behalf, when she was so cruelly tied to that terrible instrument of torture on the court-house green, in Sanderson. "No, no, sir! I know you to be a man who is capable of performing a noble action. Your interference a few months ago saved me from torture and shame."

"You recollect me, then?" said Redmond. "That was a shameful outrage. Those men claim to be law-abiding and peace-loving people. Thank God, I am different. I can never see a woman suffer. My mother would haunt me to eternity, did I permit such a cruel wrong to be done."

"For that interference I thank you," said Gabrielle, extending her hand. Redmond bent over the table and raised it to his lips.

"A partial atonement, Miss Austin, for my misdeeds. But I am wasting—it is true, very agreeably—time that should be given to other and sterner duties. Remember, Miss Austin, although you are my prisoner, you are none the less my guest. When you have exhausted the reading matter on yonder shelf, I will send you more. Good-morning."

He shook back the golden curls, bowed, and with a graceful gesture of farewell, left the room.

A Lieutenant's Perfidy

He Attempts Gabrielle's Honor—Sudden Appearance of Redmond—No Mercy—Death the Reward of Perfidy—Saved—Redmond's Threat.

The next day Gabrielle learned that Redmond, with a portion of his band, had departed on an expedition, the result of which would add further credit to his reputation as an outlaw, and strike terror to the hearts of his enemies. One of his lieutenants, a young, fine-looking fellow, who was absent when Gabrielle was first brought to the cave, was left in command.

Since her imprisonment Gabrielle had remained in the room assigned her by Redmond, venturing out into the main apartment but once or twice. The afternoon of Redmond's departure, she determined to take a stroll on the plateau, and when the negro, Tom, brought in her dinner, she made known her desire, and the servant promised to attend her. He did, and conducted her through the long gallery to the level plain, which fronted the

door of the cave. Desirous of being alone, the better to meditate, Gabrielle dismissed Tom from further attendance upon her, and selecting for her couch a moss-covered boulder, screened from the view of those coming to and going from the cave by the fir trees, she gave herself up to a review of all the startling and eventful occurrences which had marked her young life so far.

The crackling of a dry twig, crushed under the foot of some one walking in her rear, caused her to rise suddenly to her feet, and wheeling, she came face to face with the young lieutenant of the band.

The young man changed color, but with a self-possession, which might vulgarly be called "hardened cheek," came forward to where she was standing, and ventured some commonplace remark on the beauties of the view from the cliff-edge. Feeling that she was a prisoner, Gabrielle did not rebuke this unpardonable advance in a stranger, as she would have done under other circumstances; and emboldened by his reception, the young outlaw ventured another commonplace. Gabrielle made suitable reply, and from a simple monosyllabic dialogue—so far as she was concerned—became sufficiently interested in the subject to talk at some length. Expressing a desire, finally, to return to the cave, th lieutenant conducted her back, and left her only at her room door. The next day she met him again, and they had another long conversation. He was more intelligent than his fellows, though not so well-learned as Redmond, and proved himself quite an agreeable companion. Thus a week passed, and Redmond was still absent. The young lieutenant met her every day; and had she been sufficiently interested to study his face carefully, the beautiful girl would have seen that he was plotting against her honor, and only awaiting a favorable opportunity to attempt it.

One evening, when she was seated in her room reading from a volume of poems that had been furnished her by Redmond's orders, the door suddenly opened, and the young lieutenant, with a face unusually flushed and a manner unnaturally excited, entered the room, and closing the door behind him, came toward the table.

Gabrielle arose and faced him, but her lips refused to pronounce the words of condemnation which rose to her lips, at this unwarrantable intrusion upon her privacy. She did not dream what was contemplated.

With a cry of admiration the young man sprang to her side, and before she could prevent him, clasped her in his arms and kissed her passionately.

"Sir!" cried the indignant girl, struggling to release herself. "How dare you? Release me!"

"Not until you grant me the request I make," replied the outlaw, still holding her in his arms.

"Villain!" cried Gabrielle.

"You are in my power, now! I love you—love you madly! Redmond is absent, and if you will not consent to be mine, I will take you by force! I don't care if I die for it!" said the outlaw, while his breath came hot and fast.

"Help!" shrieked Gabrielle, redoubling her efforts to escape.

"It's no use. No one will hear you, and if they do, won't dare to interfere. You are mine, mine, mine!"

He held her fast, and with a last wild shriek for help, a last desperate struggle to escape, Gabrielle's head fell forward on her bosom and her senses forsook her. With lustful eyes he gloated over the beauty of the magnificent creature, now in his power. Another moment, and Gabrielle had better been dead, but the great God who had watched over her, and with an all-wise and unseen power averted evil to her in the past, did not neglect her now.

The door suddenly opened. The outlaw raised himself guiltily, and stood facing his chief. The eyes of Redmond were bent upon him with a terrible meaning in their hidden depths. The face of the lieutenant grew ashen white, and his teeth chattered in his head.

"Have mercy!" he cried, falling on his knees.

Redmond did not speak, but advanced toward him. The coward, still grovelling and begging, presented a piteous spectacle.

"Mercy!" hissed Redmond, while his face darkened, and his lip curled with contemptuous scorn. "Death!" he shrieked, and drawing a pistol he thrust it down close to the head of the wretch who sued for mercy.

"Bray!" he said, in a cold and icy voice. "I have trusted you, I have made you one of my lieutenants. You reward that trust by perfidy unpardonable!"

"Forgive me!" moaned Bray, catching the outlaw about the knees "Forgive me!"

But Redmond spurned him as he would a serpent.

"Pray, pray!" he cried, while his eyes flashed with the fire of determination. "Pray, if you believe in a hereafter! Your doom is sealed! Your action this day has signed your death-warrant."

Still the outlaw grovelled and wept, and besought pardon of the man he had so grievously offended.

"One!" cried Redmond.

"Mercy!" moaned the outlaw.

"Two!"

"Spare me!"

"Three!"

"Great Go—"

There was a flash, a loud report, which awoke echo upon echo in the stalactite-fretted dome of the cave, and the brains of the perfidious Bray were scattered about the apartment. At the same instant Gabrielle recovered from her swoon, and springing to her feet, rushed forward.

"You have been avenged, Miss Austin!" said Redmond, with a cold smile. And then he led her from the room.

The outlaws had gathered in force at the sound of the pistol-shot. They looked up inquiringly as Redmond entered the main apartment with the beautiful girl leaning on his arm.

"Throw the carcass of that dog yonder to the buzzards!" said Redmond,

pointing through the open door of Gabrielle's room. "And, listen! This lady is my guest; he who dares offer her insult, dies!"

He gave orders to have Gabrielle's effects removed to another room, and when this was speedily done, conducted her thither, and, with a courtly bow, left her to meditate over the terrible occurrence of the past few minutes.

When supper was brought her that night, Tom handed her a note in Redmond's handwriting. It read as follows:

"Miss A: Let the recollection of what you saw to-day be buried in your mind. Never allude to it, at least in my presence. R."

She obeyed the injunction, and from what followed, would not have known that so terrible an occurrence had taken place. It was in her thoughts often, but Redmond and the remainder of the band seemed to have forgotten the fact that one of their comrades had suffered death at the hands of his chief.

Redmond's Proposition.

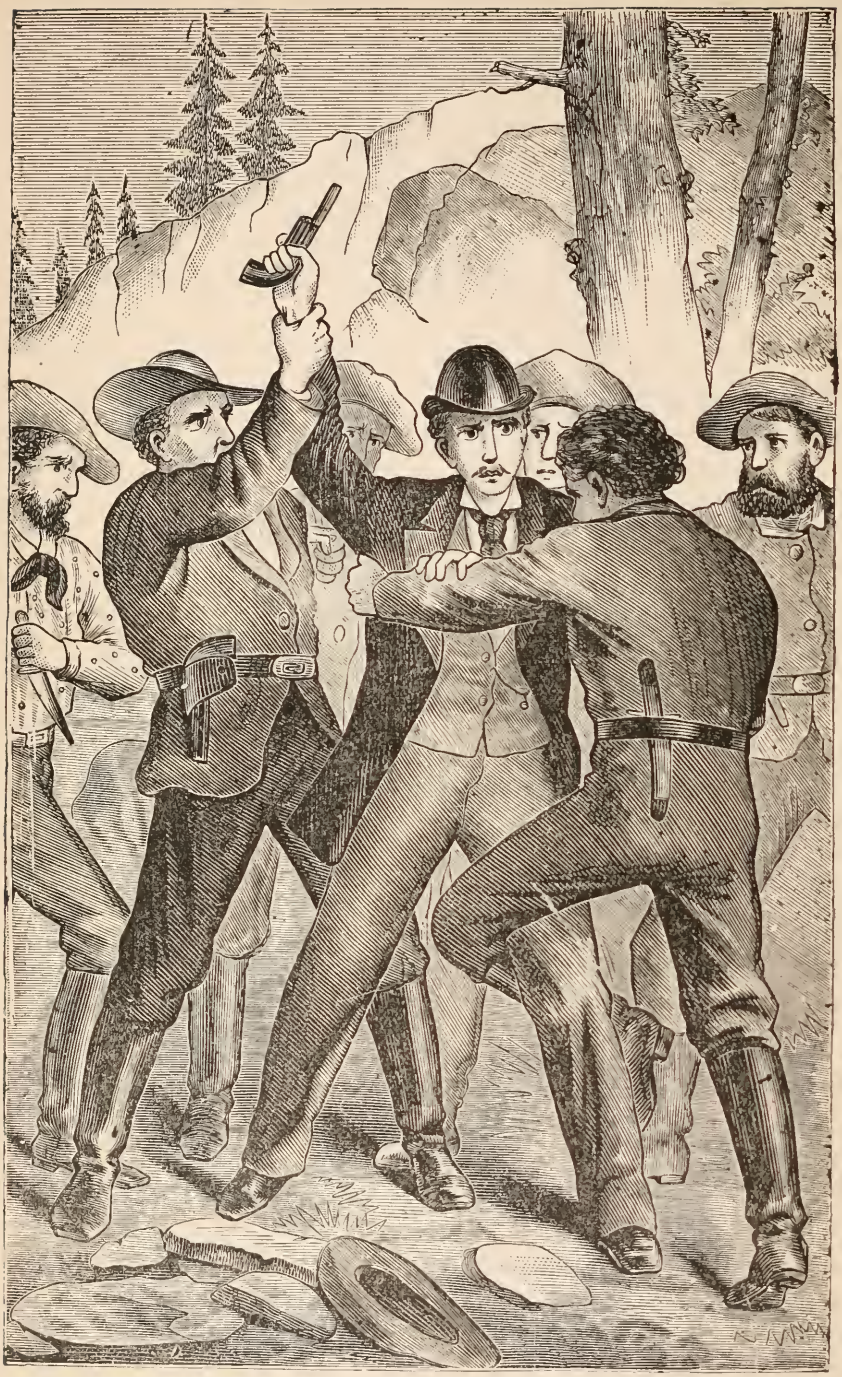
The Outlaw in Love—The Story of his Life—Pleading his Suit—Miss Austin's Hesitation.

SEVERAL days elapsed before Gabrielle again saw Redmond. She read and thought, and wrote. Two or three times, conducted by the negro Tom, she ventured out upon the plateau in front of the cave, and feasted her eyes upon the grand natural panorama unfolded to her view. The members of the band whom she met treated her with rough courtesy, and were it not for the realization that these men helped murder her dear friend, she might have made her stay in this picturesque place a very pleasant one. She spent many hours in silent thought, and tears would start involuntarily to her eyes, when in retrospect she reviewed the effect this terrible catastrophe would have on her poor cousin.

One morning Tom informed her that "Massa Redmond" would call upon her. The outlaw made his appearance shortly, and with well-bred skill opened an interesting conversation on books and their authors. Gabrielle was certainly impressed with the evident learning of her companion. He had read extensively and well, and seemed familiar with the later productions of foreign and domestic *litterateurs*.

An hour passed in a very agreeable way, and when the outlaw at last rose to go, Gabrielle was sincerely sorry. She thought of him a great deal after he went away, and when these thoughts were analyzed, she found that pity for this golden-haired man had taken possession of her heart. She saw in him a lofty intellect, a noble mind, a chivalrous character, debased and degraded by the desperate career which had made his name infamous.

After this second visit, Redmond called upon her frequently. They became more familiar, and one day Gabrielle ventured to ask him what disposition he meant to make of her.



Young Charles Hashagen goes to Miss Austin's rescue and is himself made captive.

Der junge Charles Hashagen versucht Fräulein Austin zu erretten und wird selbst zum Gefangenen gemacht.

"Well, to tell the truth," he said, with a jocularity that he often assumed, "I have hardly decided yet. I cannot hope to win you over to my way of thinking about the laws of right and wrong; and now that you know so many of my secrets, it would hardly be good policy to restore you to your friends."

"Oh, sir," said Gabrielle, "if you only would allow me to go back and help comfort my poor cousin in her terrible affliction, I would bless you forever after, and your secrets would be as safe with me as though I did not know them."

"Philosophers tell us that a woman cannot keep a secret," said the outlaw, gravely. "Has your stay here been so unpleasant that you are desirous of leaving us so soon?"

"No! no! Not that," said Gabrielle, quickly. "But—but—"

"You are unhappy here?" interrupted Redmond.

"Not exactly unhappy, but I am not contented, and never can be."

"Since you have broached the subject," said Redmond, rising to leave the room, "I must give you my answer, for your stay or departure depends upon my decision. I will send it to you this night." He bowed and withdrew.

After supper that day, Tom brought a note from his master. The handwriting was the same she had noticed in the books which had been furnished her. Breaking the seal, she took the letter to the light, and read as follows:

"HEAD-QUARTERS REDMOND'S.

My dear Miss Austin:

Agreeable to the promise made you this morning, in reference to my decision regarding your departure or stay, I herewith send it, but first allow me to lay before you a proposition that has troubled my mind for some days past. Before referring to this matter, which interests both alike, I must speak of myself. You have several times expressed surprise that one so gifted as myself, should lead the life I do. Listen, then. Before the late terrible war swept over this country, I was the petted child of fond, indulgent, and wealthy parents. My father was prominently connected with the Confederacy, and the close of the war found him penniless. I had been well educated in the best universities in the country; and during the latter days of the war travelled in Europe, to gain that polish which contact with continental life and manners can alone give. My father's reverses brought me back again to North Carolina, and I arrived home in the spring of 1867.

At that time our State, owing to the mistaken policy of the Federal authorities, was in a condition bordering on anarchy. Being a Southern born girl, a native of my own State, you must have heard something of that protective organization started among the Southern people just at the close of the war, which has passed into history as the Ku Klux Klan. My father was prominently connected with this order. He sympathized with its aims, and assisted it to the extent of his ability in furthering its purposes. He was so prominently connected with the Klan, that when internal enemies

betrayed it to the Federal authorities, he became a marked man. One night a body of Federal troops surrounded our house, and demanded my father's surrender. Like a brave man he refused, and gave up his life rather than sacrifice his liberty. The shock of that terrible night's occurrence killed my mother, and I, a boy in years and in experience with the rugged side of life's journey, was an orphan. Since then I have lived only for revenge, and how complete has been this revenge, you know better than I can tell you.

"Now I come to the proposition. You are young and pure, and the short time you have been my guest has been like an oasis in my wretched career. Contact with you has inoculated my mind with thoughts that a month ago I would have laughed at, had they found a place there. In brief, I love you. I am not rich, but I have enough to keep us comfortable for a year at least, in which time we could reach a part of the world where the name of Redmond is not known. I have no fear of the future. Inspired by the knowledge of your love, your decision will decide my future. If you refuse this proffered love, I pledge you my word of honor as a gentleman, that you shall be returned to your friends. If you accept the offer, and thereby honor me more than I dare hope, we will together leave this place, and seek an asylum beyond the sea. I am not so selfish as to remind you of what may follow if you refuse. Of course, I shall continue in the career which destiny has marked out for me, and until some stray bullet ends my life, remain in your recollection, pleasantly, I hope; for I do crave and court your good opinion—what the world has been pleased to term me,

"Redmond, the Outlaw."

Gabrielle read this strange letter several times. Would the pity in her heart turn to love? She could not decide; and snatching up a sheet of paper she penned this line, which she despatched to the outlaw chieftain:

"Sir:—Give me until to-morrow night. I will have my answer ready by that time. "G. A."

Why should she not accept, and become the wife of Redmond? Through the malignity of her enemies she had been disgraced and humiliated. The man, whose love she thought was hers alone, had cruelly deserted her. The world did not reckon her innocent, now that the law had declared her guilty.

"Why not?" she asked, and revolving this question in her mind fell asleep.

The Outlaw's Magnanimity.

Gabrielle Hesitates—The Outlaw's Prisoner—The Lovers Meet—Begging for the Life of the Man she Loves—Redmond Decides—"The Prisoner's Life shall be Spared!"

While Gabrielle was yet debating in her mind whether she should respond favorably to Redmond's offer, and seek with him as his wife an

asylum in a strange land, or reject the offer and return to begin again the hard life-struggle against a fate that was manifestly adverse, Charlie Hashagen was riding up and down the mountain-passes of Buncombe, Yancey, and McDowell counties, industriously hunting for some clue that would lead him to the mountain-den of Redmond. On the same day and at nearly the hour when Gabrielle was reading Redmond's letter, he had possessed himself of information which caused him to turn his horse's head toward the black outline of Mount Mitchell, looming up against the distant horizon ten miles away. He camped that night at the foot of the mountain, and as soon as the eastern sky became tinged with the light of returning day, left his horse, and began the laborious ascent of the mountain. He knew that he was now nearing the goal to which he had so hopefully looked forward. Dread filled his heart, however, lest the loved object of his search should have come to harm.

It was hard work climbing that steep mountain-side, but love gave him strength and will. It was probably an accidental coincidence, but he followed the path usually taken by the outlaws, and ultimately reached the level, fir-bordered plateau. Tired with the heavy labor, he halted for a moment to rest, and seated himself on the edge of the plateau. He gazed out over the broad expanse of country open to view from that elevated position, drinking in with greedy eyes the glorious beauties of the ruddy-tinted forest, kissing the base of the mountain, and flowing away with graceful undulation as far as the eye could reach. A slight noise in his rear caused him to turn his head, but, alas! too late. Before he could regain his feet and draw his pistol, a dozen men surrounded him; he was thrown to the ground, and his arms and legs were tightly bound.

"You're a cool 'un," said one of the outlaws, bending over him. "A powerful cool 'un!"

Then he was lifted up and carried into the cave. It so happened that just as the outlaws entered the cavern, Gabrielle stepped from her room, and accompanied by the negro Tom, was about proceeding to the plateau. She came face to face with Charlie Hashagen, just as the outlaws halted, and raised him to his feet. Their eyes met, and Charlie, but for the bonds which bound him tightly, would have sprung forward and clasped her in his arms. As it was, he could only cry:

"Oh, Gabrielle!"

And she, remembering only that this man once loved her, and that she had been happy in the knowledge of his love, rushed forward, and much to the wonder of the outlaws, clasped the prisoner in her arms and kissed him passionately. She looked about to discover if possible the curly-headed chief, that she might intercede in behalf of her old lover.

The lieutenant of the band, he who had taken charge of Gabrielle the night of her introduction to the outlaw's home, came forward and gently unclasped her arms from the prisoner's neck.

"Do you know this man, miss?" he asked.

"Yes!" faltered Gabrielle.

"I'm sorry," continued the lieutenant, "but he must go to the dungeon until the capting arrives."

So saying, he ordered some of the band to remove Charlie, and lifting him up, they bore him away, bound and helpless. Gabrielle returned to her room, but so excited was she that she could not remain, and hurried back into the main room to obtain permission from the lieutenant to visit Charlie.

"It's agin orders," responded the outlaw, when she made known her wish, "but the prisoner's thar, and I don't reckon you could help him to git away, so I expect I kin let you see him for a few minnits."

"Thank you, sir," said Gabrielle, and the lieutenant conducted her to a room, similar to her own, on the opposite side of the main apartment.

"You kin stay thar fifteen minnits," said the outlaw, as he opened the door. Gabrielle entered, and she heard the door shut, and lock behind her.

Charlie was lying on a rude pallet in one corner of the room. His bonds had been removed, and as Gabrielle entered, he rushed forward and clasped her in his arms.

"Oh, my darling!" he cried, "I have found you at last!"

Then, with their arms about each other's neck, they reviewed the events which had transpired since their parting in Goochland county, and mutual explanations were made.

"You still love me, Charlie?" said Gabrielle, blushing.

"As I love my God!" cried the young man, enthusiastically.

They were left together at least an hour, and when one of the band unlocked the door and bade Gabrielle come out, the reunited lovers embraced tenderly, and Gabrielle, happier than she had been for months, reluctantly tore herself away, and followed the outlaw into the main apartment.

"The capting has come back, miss," he said, after carefully locking the door, "and he has just decided what shall be the fate of your friend."

"And that decision, pray?" inquired Gabrielle, all unsuspicious of the terrible truth.

"Is death!" said the outlaw, solemnly.

"Death!" cried Gabrielle, while her dove-like eyes dilated with fear. 'Death! Oh, no! You would not be so cruel!"

"The capting has said so, and his word is law!"

"I will appeal to him. I will pray to him on my bended knees. No, no; he would not be so cruel. Where is he? Take me to him!"

The outlaw thus solicited conducted her to the room occupied by the king of the "moonshiners," and trembling with alternate fear and hope, Gabrielle knocked for admittance.

"Come in!" said Redmond, and thus invited, Gabrielle opened the door, and rushing toward the outlaw, cast herself, all pale and trembling, at his feet.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, tears gushing from her eyes. "Spare him! spare him! for my sake! It is he! It is Charlie! My Charlie!"

The face of Redmond grew cold and stern, and bending down, he raised the agonized girl to a chair, and she noticed that his hand trembled in hers.

"This man has penetrated to our stronghold," said Redmond, at last. "Our safety demands his life!"

"It was for love of me," sobbed Gabrielle.

"And do you love him?" said Redmond, in a low, sad voice.

"Yes, yes!" was the eager response.

"Then I can never hope—"

Gabrielle looked up quickly, for the words dropped from his lips like the wail of a lost soul. She knew what he meant, and her heart sank like a lump of lead.

"I loved him long ago!" moaned Gabrielle.

"And you love him yet!"

"Yes!" came faintly from the pale lips, which quivered with a terrible fear.

The outlaw was silent, and Gabrielle dared not raise her eyes. At last he spoke, and the words fell from his lips coldly and mechanically. It was the first time he had ever addressed her as Gabrielle, and she felt his hand tighten on hers, as though he would keep her always with him.

"Gabrielle," he said, "I doubt if this man loves you as I do. I know that you love him better than I can hope you would ever love me. It is my great love for you that has decided the fate of this man, whom I sincerely hate, because he has robbed me of the only person that could ever make me change the life I now lead. When I say this, you don't know how much the effort costs me. It tears my heart to shreds. The prisoner's life shall be spared. God bless you, my darling!"

He bent down, and clasping her in his arms, kissed the face upturned to his, bright with the joy which filled her heart.

Departure of the Lovers.

They are Initiated into the Secrets of the Cave—How Moonshine Whiskey is Made—Redmond's Last Request—They Leave for Asheville with an Escort of Outlaws.

GABRIELLE's heart was so full of gratitude to the outlaw who had confessed his great love for her, she so fully realized the noble magnanimity which spared Charlie Hashagen's life, that she allowed him to hold her in his arms some moments.

"I must give you up," he said, stroking her hair. "Oh, Gabrielle, my darling! this day a dark cloud forever hides what I fondly looked forward to—happiness in the future with you. It is my destiny!"

He released her, and buried his face in his hands. A great grief had possession of his heart, and the baby blue eyes were moist with tears. Tears! Redmond cry! His strong will asserted itself, and passing his hand across his eyes, all traces of emotion vanished, and he rose to his feet —*Redmond, the Outlaw!*

"I shall not see you again, Miss Austin," he said, holding out his hand.

"I will give orders to have you both escorted to the vicinity of Asheville. I hope—you—I trust you may be happy. Good-bye."

Had she not studied the character of this man so thoroughly, it would have been hard to believe that the will alone could so effectually conceal his emotions.

She took the extended hand. There was nothing but friendly warmth in the pressure. She murmured the thanks that out of gratitude rose unbidden to her lips, and kissed the brown hand which lay in hers. Redmond started, and his face changed color; but he quickly recovered himself, and lifting one of her tresses, that had escaped from the band which confined her brown hair, he smiled, in that sympathetic, sensitive, womanish way of his, and said:

"I will probably never see you again. We part friends. Give me this tress to remember you in the future. I will cherish it religiously."

She lifted a pair of scissors from the table, and clipped off the slender braid. He twined the hair about his finger and turned away. A deep groan burst from his lips, and Gabrielle's eyes moistened with the dew of sympathy.

He turned towards the table, and resumed the writing which Gabrielle's entrance had interrupted. He did not look up again, and Gabrielle stole softly away. She hastened to her own room, and falling on her knees, prayed long and earnestly for the desperate man, whose heart was filled with noble qualities which might have made him a king among the world's people.

Charlie was released from confinement, and he and Gabrielle spent the day on the plateau talking over the bitter past, the glorious present, and the uncertain future. She told him the story of her persecution in Goochland county, and how, not hearing from him, she had thought herself forgotten; her accidental meeting with him in Asheville, and the confirmation, through what she then saw, of her worst fears; she dwelt with trembling voice on the terrible scene in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and then, with shyly averted gaze, told of another's love for her, and the great sacrifices he had made because of that love.

"God bless him," said Charlie, fervently, when she had finished. "He has displayed a magnanimity more than human. I shall never forget him, and to-day would lay down my life in his defence."

After nightfall they returned to the cave, and in obedience to Redmond's directions, were shown through the stronghold, and taken deep down into an inner cavern where great copper cauldrons were hissing and seething, tended by half-naked men, who in the dull glare of the furnace fires looked like demons minding the fires of Hades. Then they were conducted back to the main room, and after supper fiddles and banjos were produced, and the granite walls of the cave re-echoed with wild barbaric melodies, such as these men sing.

The festivities continued until nearly midnight. As a large gong in the dome of the cave struck the hour of twelve, the entire band filed into the main room, and, headed by the lieutenant-commander, marched several

times around the lovers, who stood speechless and amazed at this strange spectacle in the middle of the room. When the band were ranged about the apartment, the lieutenant advanced, and producing a Bible, swore the two to eternal secrecy regarding what they had seen in the cave. The band then dispersed, and the lovers retired to their respective rooms.

At about ten o'clock, the lieutenant of the band informed Gabrielle that the escort was ready to conduct her and her lover to Asheville. Ten men would accompany them; and as the party left the cave, a ringing cheer from those who remained behind bade them God-speed. At the foot of the mountain horses were in waiting; and, mounting, the cavalcade rode swiftly on toward Asheville. The sun was yet two hours high, when they halted within a mile of the town.

Conclusion.

Asheville was startled and excited when the news reached the town that Marshal Dick Allison had been murdered by Redmond, and Miss Gabrielle Austin carried off into captivity, but Asheville was wild when Charlie Hashagen and the missing young lady walked down the main street of that quaint backwoods town, and mounted the steps of the principal hotel. Charlie's uncle had mourned him as lost, and after the first exuberance of greeting had subsided took him to one side, and in a solemn voice told him that while he was absent his father had suddenly died of paralysis.

This unexpected catastrophe necessitated Charlie's immediate departure for Virginia; good taste and respect for his father's memory alone prevented him from making Gabrielle his wife before his departure; but he promised to return in three months, when he would claim her as his bride. So he left, and Gabrielle found a home with her cousin Mrs. Allison, who had removed to the town.

About a week before Christmas Charlie returned to Asheville, and preparations were begun for their wedding, which was to take place on Christmas eve. The night of the auspicious event was clear and crisp, and a full moon flooded the earth with a soft and mellow radiance. The ceremony was performed in the Methodist church, the historian of this remarkable but none the less truthful story officiating, assisted by the pastor of the church, Rev. Moses W. McDowell.

But little remains to be told. Mr. and Mrs. Hashagen returned to Goochland county, and Gabrielle was welcomed by the whole town. Gideon Gannaway left Sanderson soon after the death of his patron, and was never seen again. The negro constable emigrated to Liberia. Redmond the outlaw still defies the authority of the law, daily commits crimes unparalleled in history, has startling adventures and hairbreadth escapes. Mount Mitchell still produces gallons of illicit liquor, which the authorities in vain attempt to capture before it is sold and consumed.

Fac-simile of a Letter

FROM

BISHOP CRITTENDEN,

(*Of North Carolina,*)

TO THE PUBLISHERS.

Charlotte Mch 3. 1879

Messrs Barclay & Co
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen,

I emphatically endorse this narrative as true in every particular. Miss Austin I have known since she was an infant. Her very interesting story really reads like a Romance, and thrills like a Novel, yet bears the honest stamp of truth in every line. Have just recd a copy of your well gotten up little book and can heartily recommend it.

Very Truly Yours
Edwd B. Crittenden

REDMOND'S STORY OF HIS LIFE.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

HEAD-QUARTERS' REDMOND,
October 23, 1878.

MY DEAR MISS AUSTIN:

When a man becomes his own historian, he often falls into the grievous error of imagining trivial incidents heroic catastrophes. Unconsciously he glorifies himself to an extent that borders on egotism. You have manifested an interest in me, and have expressed great surprise that I should lead the life I do. It is in defence of the causes which impelled me to alienate myself from my fellow-men that I write this, and I have endeavored to justify myself in all acts that I may have committed in the past eleven years in opposition to laws that are oppressive and tyrannical. I have not aimed at embellishment, but rather to a strict adherence to fact and the truth.

Trusting you may be interested in the perusal of what follows, and that the reading of my narration may incline you toward me more charitably than the rest of the world, who judge of me and my acts unknowingly, I remain, with great respect,

Yours Very Faithfully,

REDMOND.

THE LIFE STORY.

I WAS born in close proximity to the birthplace of American liberty. My ancestors were among the foremost of those "blue and buff hornets"—as they were then jocularly termed—who met in old Mecklenburg county more than a year before the representatives of the thirteen colonies assembled in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to protest against the tyranny of King George. I come by my love of liberty naturally, and my hatred of tyrannical and burdensome laws is inherited. I believe that all governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed." My father believed this. This belief allied him to the cause of the Confederacy. When the war that followed secession deluged the Republic with the blood of brothers shed by brothers, I was at school in a Northern university.

My strongly expressed sentiments drew down upon me the enmity of my fellow-students and the faculty of the college, who were all Northern born and especially intolerant toward the South.

Redmond Visits Europe.

I communicated with my father's representative in New York city, and acting under orders received from him, I was despatched to Europe to complete my studies, while my father, at the head of a regiment of "hornets," manfully battled for the cause he deemed just, under the "bonnie blue flag" of the Confederacy. War losses by the entire Southern people were enormous, but my father suffered in particular. When the ragged remnants of Lee's once great army laid down their muskets at Appomattox, my father, bowing to the inevitable, returned to his once prosperous and happy home, a ruined man. Then followed that period, when, in the lately conquered States, anarchy ruled supreme. It is not my intention to dwell upon this matter, or to discuss the question who was at fault. In vain the Southern people appealed to the Federal government for protection. Their cry was unheeded, and at last, driven to desperation, they organized a protective society which was given the name "Ku Klux Klan." My father was one of the leaders of the Klan in North Carolina, and did much to advance its interests. All this time I remained in Europe, ignorant of the great reverses which had befallen him. Pecuniarily unable to keep me there any longer, he bade me come home, and in 1867 I arrived in North Carolina. A few months after my return, internal enemies betrayed the leading members of the Klan to the Federal government, and excited Northern prejudice against the order, by gross and wilful misrepresentation. From that day my father was a marked man, and on the night of October 13, 1867, a body of armed soldiers surrounded our house and demanded my father's surrender. Like a brave man he refused, and in attempting to defend his honor and the sanctity of his home, was overpowered and brutally

Murdered Before My Mother's Eyes.

The shock which followed the witnessing of such a terrible outrage caused my poor mother's death a few days afterwards, and I was an orphan. On the night of the attack I was absent from home, visiting an old school-day friend in Charlotte. I was a boy in years and experience, but this terrible catastrophe made me a man. Without making known my intention to the friends who in vain attempted to console me for the loss of my parents, I disposed of the property left by my father, and bade adieu to the world. From that day I was an outlaw, and a price was set upon my head. I gathered about me a band of men, whose courageous and daring acts are a matter of common history. We have been the friend of the oppressed, and the enemy of the oppressors. If we have slain men it has been because they richly merited death. But, with this brief introduction, this succinct recital of the causes which led to my outlawry, I shall now proceed to a brief narration of the principal events in my life since that time.

North Carolina Customs.

The custom of distilling liquor from grain and fruit is one immemorial in the western portion of my native State. The people are a hardy, resolute body, and are continually warring with Nature for subsistence. A lack of communicative facilities with the outside world necessitates the conversion of our staple products into the smallest possible bulk. As is well known our principal products are fruit and corn. These are taken to market in the

shape of distilled liquor. Before the war, there was no tax upon liquors, and when the Federal Congress imposed a duty as a means of affording revenue to pay the interest on the enormous war debt, the burden fell heavily on these hardy mountaineers. For reasons which I shall not here attempt to explain, it is impossible for the small farmers to pay the tax on distilled liquors with profit to themselves. But they must live, and they can only live as their fathers lived before them, by growing corn and fruit, distilling it into liquor, and selling it to the outside world, free of tax. I believe the law taxing liquor an unjust and tyrannical imposition. We have a right to protest against laws which injure us. If our protest is not heeded, the document which declared us a free and independent nation instructs us to exercise our right and duty, and "throw off such government," and the men who are associated with me believe that the law which forbids us to manufacture the products of our own land without first paying the government a tax thereon unjust. We believe that we are right in resisting this law, and to resist it we have mutually pledged to each other "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

He Determines to Resist Unjust Laws.

As I before stated, I was without experience when I determined upon the life I now lead, and when I left my ruined home and turned my face toward the setting sun, my purposes for the future were not well defined. I proceeded as far as Asheville, when learning that a party of United States troops had that very morning started out to hunt down a man accused of being connected with the Ku Klux, I determined to hasten to his assistance. Procuring a fresh horse, for the one I had ridden from Charlotte was well jaded, I purchased suitable arms and rode forward in the wake of the soldiers. The squad numbered sixteen men, and was commanded by a lieutenant and two deputy marshals, making nineteen in all. The point for which they were aiming was about twenty miles northeast of Asheville, in the neighborhood of High Peak. The man who had rendered himself objectionable to the Federal authorities was a small farmer with a correspondingly large family. He was a man about sixty years of age, and by name John Prather. Mr. Prather's family was composed of five able-bodied men beside himself, making six in all. So we were nearly half as strong as the enemy, and undoubtedly the lack of numbers would be more than compensated for by the intrepidity and valor of the Prathers. He had been a scout during the war, and had been ably assisted by his five grown sons.

The military rode forward slowly, confident that they would catch their man napping. I pushed my horse to his utmost limit of speed, and before the party had made half the distance found myself immediately in their rear. I had determined to act boldly, and without attracting attention made a detour and left the enemy in the rear. I reached Prather's house late in the afternoon, and found him at home. Two of his sons were absent on the mountain hunting, but were expected home at any minute. His wife prepared me a warm dinner, and after seeing that my horse was comfortably provided for, I entered into consultation with Mr. Prather and the three sons who remained.

Redmond Plans the Defeat of Marshal Blacker and the Soldiers.

Our plan was soon matured, not of defence, but of offence. One of the marshals in the party, rapidly approaching the home of my host, had in his pocket a warrant for the arrest of the entire family, or that portion old enough to know right from wrong, and courageous enough to defend their

opinion. If arrested they would be thrown into prison, where they might linger for years, while the wife and young children suffered. Without waiting for the return of the two hunters, we armed ourselves to the teeth, and proceeded down the road about half a mile, where a thick undergrowth fringed it on either side. We distributed our forces equally, or nearly so. The elder Prather and two of his sons concealed themselves on one side of the road, whilst one son and the writer took the other side. Then we patiently awaited the arrival of the enemy. An hour passed and the suspense was becoming intolerable. At last, our ears, alert and keen to catch the faintest rustle, detected the faint sound of horses' hoofs, resounding from the hard dirt-road. Soon the clanking of sabres and the voices of the men could be plainly heard, and in a minute the head of the column appeared in sight, the lieutenant leading. Unsuspicious of danger the horsemen came down the road, talking and laughing. We cocked and raised our rifles, and loosened our pistols in our belts. When the soldiers were fairly in front, I leaped to my feet, and gave the command, "Fire!"

Bushwhacked.

A vivid flame lit up the bushes on each side of the road; there was a sharp shock, and five of the enemy threw up their hands and fell from their saddles. Before the remainder of the command could return the unexpected fire, another volley belched forth; five more men fell into the dusty road, and then, drawing our pistols, we jumped into the road and continued the fight. It was an easy victory. Those of the soldiers who escaped death, or were not seriously injured, put spurs to their horses and fled through a perfect hail of bullets from our guns and pistols. One of the marshals was the notorious Jack Blacker, whose cruel persecution of my countrymen had rendered him an especial object of my hatred. I had good reason for believing that he led the band which murdered my father. I desired to capture him alive. Death by the bullet was too good for him. At the second fire, Blacker, who was a man of gigantic stature, dropped his bridle-rein, threw both hands to his breast, and reeled in the saddle. His horse, probably maddened by a bullet-wound, wheeled and dashed down the road with his powerless and wounded rider lying across his neck, and was soon lost to view in a cloud of dust. As the capture of Blacker was the principal object in my mind, I was much chagrined to have him disappear before my eyes, and accompanied by Prather and his sons, I at once started out in pursuit. A few miles down the road we found Blacker's horse quietly grazing by the roadside, but Blacker was nowhere to be seen. Fearing that my enemy had only been slightly wounded, and had slipped from his horse and taken shelter in the thick woods which stretched away for miles on both sides of the road, I requested my companions to carefully search for traces of the missing man. It was a difficult task, for the under growth was thick and matted, and after beating the woods carefully until dark, without success, we returned to Prather's house, leaving the dead bodies of thirteen of our enemies lying in the road where they fell. Such of the horses as remained in the neighborhood we caught and conveyed to Prather's stable. The arms and ammunition of the dead men were also confiscated, and what money and valuables they had on their persons. That night we entered into a formal organization, and Prather and his five sons formed the nucleus of "Redmond's Band."

Blacker's Terrible Death.

I was vexed because Blacker escaped my vengeance, but a Power mightier than I punished the villain with far greater severity than, wicked

as he was, he deserved. A few months after the battle before referred to, a party of citizens were hunting in the vicinity, and came across the skeleton of a man in a little clearing in the woods. Portions of the dead man's clothes were scattered about, having been torn from the body by buzzards, who had literally picked the bones clean. Among the bones the hunters picked up great wads of hickory-bark, leaves and grass which had evidently been chewed and swallowed by the unfortunate man before his death, to appease a hunger that was terrible. One of the men picked up a note-book containing letters and papers, and from these they learned that the man who must have died in such horrible agony was the wounded deputy marshal, John Blacker. He must have lived eight or ten days after he was wounded, for he was a man of strong constitution, and literally died of starvation. In his note-book was found an entry in his own hand, giving an account of his terrible sufferings the first three days after his escape from us. He then, apparently, lost consciousness, and dragged out the weary days until death intervened and put an end to his sufferings—a gibbering maniac. He was, according to the account in the note-book, wounded in two places, through the right arm at the shoulder-joint, and through the left hip. He fell from his saddle and rolled into the bushes. He became unconscious, or rather delirious, and in this condition

Dragged Himself Farther into the Woods.

He recovered his mind next morning, and being consumed by a terrible thirst, he sought to allay it by sucking the dew from the leaves and grass about him. He thought himself on the right-hand side of the road, whereas he was on the left. Painfully he crawled through the bushes, buoyed up by the hope that he was nearing the road, where he could wait until some chance traveler assisted him. He called loudly for assistance, and listened with beating heart for an answer, only to be mocked by the echo of his own voice, as the sound-waves widened and receded from him. His wounds pained him, his throat was dry and parched, and his tongue swollen. He became weak and dizzy, and broke off pieces of bark and the tender hickory-twigs and ate them ravenously, so terrible was his hunger. He filled his stomach with these and grass, and felt stronger. He still shouted at frequent intervals, and continued his weary, painful march, in the direction in which he presumed the road lay. He could not stop at night, but kept dragging himself forward. It was not until the third day when he began to realize that he might be going from the road instead of toward it. When this horrible suspicion dawned upon his mind he appears to have given up hope, and the last words scratched in his book so feebly as to be almost illegible were these:

"I am Lost! God have mercy!"

You can imagine the rest. With reason bereft him, dying for water and food, wounded and helpless, he crawled through those dense thickets, alternately crying, singing, laughing, shouting, praying, as maniacs do, until death stiffened his limbs; and the buzzards, who had hovered expectantly over his head, flew down and began their ghoul-like feast, tearing with their sharp beaks his quivering flesh, and plucking out, as dainty tit-bits, his sightless eyes! Thus did Almighty God have vengeance upon one who had offended him—a vengeance more frightful in its lingering torture than the ingenuity of mortal man could conceive!

When Prather and his sons agreed to my terms of organization, and took an oath of eternal fidelity to me, he had in his store-house about nine hundred bushels of corn, and this we determined to manufacture into whiskey.

Loading the horses with heavy packs of the precious grain, we conveyed it to this place, which had been discovered by one of the Prather boys while out hunting. It was a secure and not easily approached retreat, and we have, thanks to its inaccessible position, been able to defy the enemy for more than ten years. This cave is the head-quarters of the band and my home. We have scattered over this and the adjoining States of South Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia, branch distilleries, as securely hidden as the main establishment, and they annually produce thousands of gallons of liquor, which we have no difficulty in disposing of. The frequent raids which are made through the States mentioned do not affect us. The marshals capture only private establishments, run in a small way and very poorly protected.

The Business of Moonshining.

No business is managed with greater care than the distilleries under my charge. At the date of my writing, there are one hundred and twenty-seven branch distilleries in the States mentioned, and five hundred and thirty-eight men are required to manage them. Attached to the main establishment are two hundred and sixty-four men, making eight hundred and two the number of my followers. We annually manufacture, in the main and branch distilleries, about two hundred and seventy-five thousand gallons of liquor, which we dispose of at a profit of about twenty cents on the gallon, netting us in the neighborhood of $50,000. Every man attached to the band is a shareholder in the profits of the distillery, and finds it a paying business. Their families, with such assistance as they can from time to time afford them, make a crop of corn; the company purchases it, and manufactures the grain into liquor, paying out of the money received from its sale all the expenses of running the establishments, with the profit above mentioned. Besides the corn-liquor, we also distil large quantities of fruit—apples and peaches—into brandy. The money received from the sale of this class of liquor is almost all profit, and is used as a sinking fund to assist needy members of the band and their families; to purchase arms, horses clothing, etc.; to provide counsel for those unfortunate enough to be captured and thrown into prison, and to extend the business.

Redmond the King.

Over this vast business, with its eight hundred odd employés, I exercise absolute authority, and appoint from time to time subordinate officers to assist me, whose salaries are paid out of the common fund. I receive no regular salary, but a percentage on all liquor sold. From my head-quarters I direct the movements of all members of the band. I organize raids against the enemy, have full charge of the purchasing and selling of supplies and stock, both crude and manufactured, and decide all questions of equity or common law which may arise between members of the organization. My powers are dictatorial, and from my decision there is no appeal. We have a constitution, to which every member swears allegiance, and by-laws to govern our actions. When an offence is committed, the crime is specifically drawn up in writing and referred to me. I decide what shall be the punishment of the culprit. This applies to all offences except treason. Any member of the band has power to punish this crime, which is always with death. We have a code of signals to communicate with each of the branch distilleries and the main establishment, when a dangerous enemy approaches. We have spies in all the principal towns, who watch the commissioners and marshals, and apprise us when a raid is projected, and in what direction. This hasty sketch will give you some idea of the

magnitude of our business relations, and the perfect discipline which governs the band. But enough of this. I will now proceed to give you a brief *résumé* of my history, from the date of the organization of the band I command.

A Yankee Trick.

The nine hundred bushels of corn taken from Prather's store-house were speedily distilled, and as soon as a sufficient quantity was ready for market, I took it upon myself to "run the blockade." I could have delegated this perilous undertaking to one of my companions; but they were marked men, and I was as yet comparatively unknown to the authorities, and would run but little risk. So one fine morning I left our stronghold, driving a pair of stout mules, who were attached to a canvas-covered "Studebaker" wagon, in the body of which, hidden under a pile of "shucks," were five barrels filled with the precious fluid. My destination was Asheville, where I could find a customer for the liquor. The road was an ordinary mountain trail, and I drove all day without meeting any one. The sun was just sinking behind the mountains, when three men, whom I immediately recognized as deputy-marshals, came suddenly upon me at a cross-road. I was disguised with a beard and butternut clothes so effectually that my dearest friend would not have recognized me; and although my heart throbbed a little faster as the three horsemen approached, I was outwardly calm and collected, and regarded them curiously as they drew nearer. Their uniform was concealed under heavy cloaks; but their holsters contained pistols, and they had Winchester repeating rifles thrown over their shoulders. My wagon had nothing suspicious about it. The fly was up, and the shucks looked very innocent. When they reached me they drew their horses to one side, and the leader of the party, whose name was Crowder, accosted me as follows:

"Howdy, neighbor?"

"Howdy, gentlemen?" I replied, touching my hat. "Powerful fine weather we'uns are hevin!"

"Yes," said one of the marshals.

I reined up my mules, and Crowder again took up the conversation.

"Can you tell me," he said, "where we can get some whiskey? We are strangers in this section, and are dry as herrings."

"Gentlemen," I replied, still imitating the uncouth twang of the crackers, "whiskey is mitey hard to git. Thar's so meny uv these hyar dep'ty marshals 'round that we'uns are 'fraid to tech the pesky stuff."

At this they all laughed, and Crowder continued:

"I believe the marshals do create considerable disturbance among you occasionally, but we don't want to buy much—just enough to fill our flasks."

"Well, now, gentlemen," I said, with a cunning leer, "you can't prove it by me that you'uns haint marshals!"

They laughed again, louder than before, and one of the marshals denied that they were revenue officers.

"You know all about these illicit distilleries," said Crowder, "and I believe you've got blockade liquor hidden under those shucks."

"Well, now, gentlemen," I said, with a look of surprise, "you'uns hev hit the nail right on the head. I hev got a leetle moonshine hyar, and I run a pow'rful risk in conveyin' hit; but hit's only a few gallons that I use for my stomach's sake. I more'n half believe that you are rev'nue officers; but you seem tolerbul clever, and hif you'uns will promise not to say anythin' about it, I'll let you hev a little."

This frank confession of mine rather staggered them, but I saw that it threw them off the scent, and still laughing, they produced their flasks.

I had a jug containing about three gallons under the wagon seat, and taking this out I filled their bottles and handed them back. Crowder offered to pay for the liquor, but with assumed cunning I answered him that the acceptance of money for the liquor would lay me liable to arrest. At their invitation I drank with them, and then whipping up my mules drove on, having completely hoodwinked them by this shrewd trick. I sold my liquor in Asheville, made some necessary purchases and reached the mountain again without further adventure. Afterwards I made many similar trips, and always with success. That winter our band was increased by several new members, and we manufactured and sold many gallons of liquor.

Redmond Outlawed.

Early in the following spring a large force of marshals established themselves at Asheville, and assisted by a company of United States troops, began to raid through this section of country quite extensively. They watched the roads closely for blockaders, and it required considerable skill and ingenuity to get through their lines. I made the trip several times, however, and at last excited their suspicions. I now drove four mules, and concealed the liquor under a pile of miscellaneous "truck," shucks, chickens, eggs, butter, etc. I always went well-armed, and was prepared to make desperate resistance. I would drive slowly, and four members of the band always accompanied me, they making the journey on foot, and keeping concealed on each side of the road, in close proximity to my wagon. I made several trips in this manner without adventure; but one evening when but a few miles from Asheville, a squad of soldiers and two deputy marshals, one of whom was the man Crowder, before alluded to, sprang up from their place of concealment among the bushes, and made a rush for my wagon. I knew that prompt action was necessary, and drawing from my pockets a brace of revolvers I dropped the reins and taking cool and deliberate aim at the two marshals discharged shot after shot until the chambers of both pistols were empty. The smoke cleared away, and revealed both men prostrate in the road. My allies had not been idle, but had attacked the soldiers from both sides of the road. Not knowing our strength, and demoralized by the downfall of their leaders, and this raking cross-fire, they broke and fled. Without waiting to count the number of the slain, I turned my wagon toward the mountain and drove rapidly back, arriving there in safety. That was the last of my blockading. It appeared afterwards that both of the marshals had been killed, five of the soldiers, and several badly wounded. Asheville and all the adjoining country was placarded with printed bills offering a reward of $1,000 for the murderers, "one Redmond," and his accomplices, and the startling adventures which followed this catastrophe gave me the name, "REDMOND, THE OUTLAW," which I have borne ever since.

The Chronology of a Desperate Career.

I have promised to write a faithful account of my life, and from my diary herewith present a recapitulation of my adventures and their results, arranged in chronological order:

Born in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, December 15, 1844.

Entered Princeton College, New Jersey, spring term 1860.

Left college for Europe, May 14, 1861.

Returned to North Carolina, June 27, 1867.

Parents died October, 1867.

Reached Asheville, with the determination of becoming an outlaw, October 25, 1867.

Was concerned in the killing of Deputy United States Marshal John Blacker, Deputy Marshal Edward B. Claghorn, and twelve members of the Second U. S. Infantry, near High Peak, North Carolina, October 25, 1867.

Killed Deputy Marshals Crowder and Chambers, April 1, 1868.

Killed a revenue informer named Harkleroad, on Big Yadkin river, June 5, 1868.

Assisted in the killing of Deputy United States Marshal Jesse Davis, First Lieutenant James Miller, of Second United States infantry, and nine private soldiers, October 11, 1868.

Was nearly captured by the negro revenue informer, Toby Small, near Seneca City, South Carolina, December 18, 1868.

Shot and mortally wounded Toby Small, in a bar-room at Westminster, Oconee county, South Carolina, December 20, 1868.

Reward of $10,000 offered for my capture, dead or alive, by the United States government, January 1, 1869.

Shot dead United States Commissioner Irwin C. McDowell, in the post-office, Asheville, North Carolina, May 26, 1869.

Was concerned in the killing of Deputy Marshal John P. Appleby, and four citizens, who were paid informers, August 9, 1869.

Had a narrow escape from capture at Morganton, North Carolina, March 17, 1870.

Shot Deputy Marshal Charles Chamberlain, September 25, 1871, at Dahlonega, Georgia.

Was concerned in the killing of Deputy Collector Peter Holtzclaw, and his secretary, Charles F. Waite, on the road from Asheville to Morganton, February 13, 1872.

Great efforts were made to capture me and break up my band from March, 1872, till December, 1874, during which time had many narrow escapes, and the total number of my enemies who lost their lives was thirty-seven, among whom was Deputy Marshal Edward Findley, considered to be the bravest and most reckless man in North Georgia, with whom I had a hand-to-hand conflict with pistol and bowie-knife, on the banks of the Chattahoochie river, near Gainesville, Hall county, Georgia, July 4, 1874. I was wounded in several places, and Findley was literally cut and shot to pieces. A large party of his friends started in my pursuit, and I kept concealed for several months.

In December, 1874, the troops were removed from my vicinity, and many of the marshals were dismissed from the service.

Mortally wounded Henry Boylin, a notorious revenue informer, April 14, 1875, at Asheville, North Carolina.

Killed Deputy Marshal Hermann Bradley near Mount Mitchell, North Carolina, August 26, 1875.

Was nearly captured at the house of James Welchell, near Big Laurel, North Carolina, by a detachment of the Second Infantry, October 11, 1875.

Seriously wounded Captain Nathan Price, of the Second Infantry, near Statesville, North Carolina, January 5, 1876.

From February, 1876, to January, 1878, but few raids were made by the United States marshals.

April 21, 1878, shot and instantly killed Judge Arthur Spates, as he was leaving the court-room in Franklin, Macon county, North Carolina.

May 4, 1878, the Governors of North and South Carolina combined to effect my capture, and a detachment of the City Guards from Charleston, South Carolina, and forty men from the Charlotte, North Carolina, "Grays," assisted by a large posse of United States marshals, and many citizens, entered on a campaign against my band.

June 15, 1878, an engagement between my band and the assaulting party took place near Mount Mitchell, North Carolina, resulting in the

defeat of the military, with a loss of nine men and Deputy Marshals Fitzgerald and Murphy.

July 13, 1878, narrowly escaped capture by members of the Charlotte Grays, at the house of Mrs. Nancy Hambright, in Buncombe county, North Carolina. In the encounter I wounded two men and killed a third, whose name I have not been able to learn.

September 15, 1878, assisted in the killing of Deputy Marshal Richard Allison, near Asheville, North Carolina, and took as a prisoner Miss Gabrielle Austin, who was his companion.

October 4, 1878, shot my lieutenant, Henry Bray, for treachery.

RECAPITULATION.

Number of men killed from September 15, 1867, to October 4, 1878, by the band of which I am a leader, 227.

Number of men killed in whose death I was directly concerned—54.

Number of United States marshals killed, 12.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—This list, up to the date given, is a correct one; but in the past few months Redmond has shot, and either killed or seriously wounded many more. Up to the hour of publication he had not been captured. To give anything like a detailed account of Redmond's many adventures, narrated with great fidelity in the manuscript placed in Miss Austin's hands, would be impossible in a volume of this size; we have therefore selected some of the most prominent, and give them in a condensed form.]

Redmond is Captured by the Negro Informer, Toby Small; Escapes, and two days afterwards Kills Small.

IN the month of December, 1868, Redmond made a trip to Oconee county, South Carolina, to superintend the establishment of a branch distillery, and to more thoroughly organize his followers in that State. A citizen who was in sympathy with the Federal authorities recognized the outlaw as he was riding past his house, and gave the alarm to a notorious revenue informer, a negro of herculean stature, named Toby Small. On receiving the information, Small mounted his horse and started out in pursuit. He rode on to Walhalla, the county-seat, and learned there that no such man had been seen to enter the town. Thinking perhaps that Redmond had taken the river road, a few miles from the town, and rode down to Seneca City, at the junction of the Blue Ridge & Air-Line Railroads, Small pushed on to that place, and was overjoyed to learn that Redmond was at that minute eating dinner at the hotel. Had Small been possessed of less avarice he would probably have succeeded in capturing Redmond, but he coveted the entire reward offered for his apprehension, and determined to attempt the capture of the desperate outlaw unaided.

He would not be allowed to enter the hotel dining-room on account of his color, so he contented himself with watching for the desperado, when he should issue from the house. He had not long to wait. Redmond soon finished his dinner and strolled out to seek the stable where he had left his horse. The negro followed him. Redmond had ordered his horse to be fed, and made ready for a further journey whilst he was at dinner, and the animal stood in front of the stable door, ready saddled and bridled, awaiting his pleasure. As he approached, the negro hostler came out of the stable and led the horse toward him. Redmond, with his accustomed liberality, rewarded the negro generously, and, placing his foot in the stirrup and his hand on the neck of his horse, was about to vault into the saddle,

when Toby Small stepped suddenly behind, and seizing him by the arm presented a cocked pistol at his head, and called upon him to surrender.

Redmond wheeled quickly, and this frightened his horse, which trotted off toward Walhalla. There was a determined expression in the negro's eye, which caused the outlaw to hesitate about resisting and to obey the command, "Throw up your hands." Then, with his pistol still presented, the informer ordered the hostler to remove Redmond's weapons and bring them to him. The hostler hesitated, but Small threatened him with death if he disobeyed his command, and Redmond was soon disarmed and at the mercy of his captor.

Small then ordered Redmond to march in front of him to the hotel, and, with his arms still raised above his head, the outlaw did so. A crowd of course collected at the unusual spectacle of a fine-looking, well-dressed white man in the custody of a negro, and taking advantage of this excitement Redmond made a bold dash for liberty. The negro had dropped the muzzle of his pistol to reply to some question of a bystander, and he was so excited that he did not think to use it in the proper way, but instead, raised it aloft and hurled it at Redmond's head with all his strength.

The heavy missile went true to its aim and struck the retreating outlaw in the head. He staggered; blood gushed from the wound, and the negro bounded forward with a cry of joy; but Redmond was only stunned for a moment, and recovering himself he leaped forward, and ran toward the woods as only a man can who realizes that his life depends upon the effort. The negro, with a yell of rage, started after him, crying:

"Cotch him! cotch him! I'll give one hun'ed dollahs to de man wha' cotches him!"

The promise of reward stimulated several to start in pursuit, but the fleeing man had gained so much and so steadily increased the distance—he ran like a deer—that they gave it up, leaving Toby Small to continue the pursuit.

Redmond struck the forest, on the right hand side of the Walhalla road, and at first ran at random, but finding that he was not pursued, he turned and went toward the road, keeping a sharp lookout for his enemy. He reached the highway at last, and was overjoyed to perceive his horse quietly feeding by the roadside.

So admirably trained was the animal, that when Redmond approached he raised his head and came trotting toward him with a neigh of welcome. He suffered himself to be caught, and with the bridle over his arm, Redmond walked back into the pine forest a short distance, where he had crossed a small branch.

Here he washed his wounded head, which had bled considerably from an ugly gash just above the occipital bone, and binding it up with his handkerchief, mounted his horse and rode across the country to the point where the branch distillery had been established. This was December 18. The next day his head pained him considerably, and he made inquiries regarding the presumed whereabouts of the negro informer. On the morning of December 20, Redmond learned that Toby Small had been seen in Westminster, a small station on the Air-Line Railroad, about six miles below Seneca City, where he was busily engaged in drowning his mortification at the escape of his prisoner in deep potations of villanous whiskey, imported from the North. His informant told him that Small would probably remain there for several days.

Without making known his intention, Redmond mounted his horse, and with two good pistols pendant from his belt, rode off in the direction of Westminster. He reached that place about three o'clock in the afternoon, and learning that Small was in a low grocery near the railroad, frequented a great deal by negroes, he hastened to the spot and boldly entered.

Small was in the act of drinking a glass of liquor as the outlaw stepped over the threshold, and looked up. Recognizing him, he dropped the liquor and attempted to draw a pistol. Redmond was too quick for him, however, and discharged his pistol at the distance of about ten paces, aiming at Small's heart.

The negro fell forward on his face, with the cry:

"Oh, God, I'm hit!"

The astounded loungers did not raise a hand to detain the daring assassin, and, with his smoking pistol still in his hand, Redmond backed quickly from the room, mounted his horse and rode away.

Toby Small was not killed outright, but the wound was a mortal one, and after lingering in great agony for several days, he finally died.

Redmond shoots United States Commissioner Irwin C. McDowell in the Post Office, Asheville, N. C.

In April, 1869, several of Redmond's band were captured by deputy marshals and taken to the jail in Asheville. One of these outlaws was the superintendent of a branch distillery, and Redmond was his staunch friend. It appears that after they were placed in the dungeon of the jail, this outlaw taunted one of the marshals, a desperate and determined man named Findley, who was afterwards killed by Redmond. Findley was of an irascible and hasty temperament, and drawing his pistol, shot the outlaw dead.

For this crime he was arrested and brought before United States Commissioner Irwin C. McDowell. So much influence was brought to bear upon the case in Findley's favor, that McDowell discharged him, and by this manifestly unjust action brought down upon his head Redmond's enmity.

On the morning of May 26, 1869, Commissioner McDowell went to the post-office in Asheville to get his mail matter. The room was crowded with citizens, and he was in conversation with a friend, when some one touched him on the shoulder. He turned and faced a cocked and levelled pistol, in the hands of a young man, whom he at once recognized as the dreaded outlaw Redmond.

The commissioner cried out:

"This is Redmond, seize him!" and bravely stepped forward to arrest the desperado, when the pistol was discharged and the brave commissioner fell with a bullet through his heart, and expired almost instantly.

As soon as the fatal deed was accomplished, Redmond dashed from the building, brandishing his pistol, and despite the efforts made to detain him, ran across the public square and into a drinking saloon, in the rear of which stood a horse ready saddled and bridled.

Mounting the animal Redmond clapped spurs to his sides, and with a yell of defiance rode rapidly off in the direction of the mountains.

Redmond has a Desperate and Bloody Encounter with Deputy United States Marshal Edward Findley, at Shallow Ford, Ga., on the banks of the Chattahoochie River. He is wounded several times but finally kills Findley.

Redmond had sworn to kill Deputy Marshal Edward Findley, for the unprovoked and cowardly murder of one of his lieutenants in the jail at Asheville. Findley belonged in Hall county, Georgia, and had the reputa-

tion of being a brave and desperate man. After his discharge by Commissioner McDowell he returned to his home, and thither Redmond followed him, but did not succeed in meeting him. Five years passed away, and Findley had probably forgotten the whole matter. Redmond, however, still harbored revengeful feelings toward the deputy marshal, and swore that if he ever met him, he would have his life, or give up his own.

It so happened that the fourth day of July, 1874, was to be celebrated by the residents of Gainesville, the seat of Hall county, Ga., in an unusually patriotic manner. Redmond was in the neighborhood and determined to join in the festivities. With this object in view he mounted his horse early in the morning, and rode toward the town. He crossed the Chattahoochie river at Shallow Ford, and was ascending the bank on the Gainesville side, when he espied Findley riding toward him. Drawing his pistol, Redmond awaited the approach of his enemy.

When he was in range he fired, and put spurs to his horse to dash forward. Findley returned the fire and also pushed forward his horse. Thus they approached each other, still firing. Redmond was wounded once in the left shoulder, but still kept firing. In this way they emptied the contents of their pistols and neither had been killed. By this time they were as close to each other as it was possible to force their panting and frightened horses.

"I've sworn to have your life!" cried Redmond, springing to the ground and drawing a huge bowie-knife.

"Take it then!" was Findley's defiant reply, also jumping to the ground.

Both were determined, and with flashing eyes and distended nostrils they confronted each other, knife in hand, and watched for an advantage.

"I am Redmond!" cried the outlaw.

"That don't frighten me!" sneeringly replied Findley, who was bleeding from a bullet-wound in his cheek. "Come on!"

Redmond sprang forward and the two men closed in a terrible conflict. Their bright knives flashed in the sunlight and anon dripped with blood. It was a frightful combat. At first neither man seemed to have the advantage. Finally an adroit thrust from Redmond broke Findley's guard, and the keen knife entered to the hilt in the deputy marshal's breast. It was a mortal wound, and with a gasp of despair Findley fell to the ground. Redmond sprang toward him and completed the act by drawing the keen edge of his knife across the wounded man's throat. He was wounded himself in many places, but managed to reach one of the branch distilleries, where he remained until his wounds healed.

Redmond shoots Hon. Arthur Spates, a Judge of the Circuit Court, in the Court-House door, at Franklin, Macon county, N. C.

Hon. Arthur Spates was elected Judge of the Circuit Court in North Carolina, in 1876. His district was composed of what is known as the "mountain counties." The position was new to him, and some of his decisions and sentences were unnecessarily severe.

In March, 1878, one of Redmond's band, named Kinney, visited his home in Macon county, to assist his wife and young children, who were all sick with the fever. It was charged that Kinney had been concerned in the murder of a farmer some time during the previous winter, and had fled to the home of the "moonshiners" for protection. The evidence against him was purely circumstantial. Some of the neighbors learned that the suspected man was at his home, and a party was organized to secure him.

Kinney was nursing his sick wife and children, when the citizens reached his house, and their entry was so entirely unsuspected, that he was secured before he had an opportunity to defend himself. It was charged that his wife knew something of the murder, and she was taken along with her husband to Franklin, the county-seat of Macon. One of the party volunteered to take charge of the sick children, and sent his wife to Kinney's house. This was the 2d of April, and although spring had fairly set in, the night of the capture of Kinney was cold and wet. The distance from Kinney's house to Franklin was about ten miles, and the journey thither was made on horseback. The exposure and mental anxiety was too much for the sick wife. Both she and her husband were confined in the jail, but in a few days she was taken out to die.

At the spring term of the court, which was held the last two weeks in April, Kinney was arraigned, and pleaded not guilty to the charge of murder. The farmer of whose death it was charged that he was guilty was a man well-to-do and generally respected. Much indignation against the murderer was aroused, and when, after a two days' trial, the jury in the case returned a verdict of guilty, the public were clamorous that the death sentence be imposed. Judge Spates therefore sentenced Kinney to be hanged, and he was removed to the jail to wait until his execution. In delivering the sentence Judge Spates used language unusually severe and bitter for the bench, and very impoliticly expressed the belief that Kinney's captors would have been justified, had they hanged him the night of his capture.

The night after the sentence a mob forced an entrance to the jail, and, despite the efforts of the sheriff to protect the prisoner, dragged Kinney from his cell and hanged him on the court-house green.

When Redmond was apprised of this outrage, he became very bitter against Judge Spates, whom he blamed for inciting the mob to riot. He lost no time in hastening to Franklin, arriving there at noon on the 21st of April, 1878. Court had just adjourned as the daring outlaw rode boldly into town, and when he arrived opposite the court-house door, Judge Spates was descending the steps, on the way to his hotel.

When he appeared Redmond drew his pistol, and taking deliberate aim, discharged the weapon. Judge Spates fell to the ground, his heart having been pierced by the leaden messenger. The crowd about the court-house were horror-stricken at the terrible tragedy, and before any one could summon enough self-possession to attempt the arrest of Redmond, he had galloped away.

Redmond narrowly escapes capture by Members of the Charlotte Grays, a North Carolina Militia Organization.

The killing of Judge Spates created considerable excitement in North and South Carolina, and the public press demanded that some decisive action be taken to secure the daring desperado. Governor Hampton, of South Carolina, and Governor Vance, of North Carolina, corresponded at some length over the matter, and at last, on May 4th, a detachment of the Charleston City Guards and forty men from the Charlotte Grays, were despatched to the mountains to capture Redmond, and break up his band. On June 15th an engagement took place between the militia and the outlaws, resulting in the defeat of the former. Several attempts were afterwards made to capture Redmond by isolated bodies from both commands, but no concerted effort was made to rid the country of the desperate man and his equally desperate followers.

On the morning of the 13th of July, Redmond stopped at the house of

one of the members of his band named Hambright. Mrs. Hambright entertained the outlaw chieftain, and started to prepare him a warm breakfast. She had a young baby, and Redmond, who has a great fondness for children, lifted the little one from the cradle and took him to the door, where he sat dancing the child on his knee, laughing merrily at the funny antics of the wee bit of humanity. His carbine was resting in one corner of the room, but two pistols depended from his waist belt.

He was yet dancing the child, unconscious of danger, when a noise in front caused him to raise his head. The house was surrounded by men in the uniform of the Charlotte Grays. With a look over his shoulder into the room, Redmond tossed the prattling infant over his head onto the soft feather bed. Then drawing his pistols he dashed towards the soldiers, firing as he ran. Three men fell before his unerring aim, one of these with a mortal wound. They closed about him in great numbers, but he dashed down several who opposed him, and breaking through the line ran like a deer for the woods, amid a perfect hail of bullets. He reached the shelter of the woods in safety, and halting for a moment to hurl maledictions of defiance at his enemies, he disappeared in the forest, and the militia picked up their dead and wounded comrades, and returned sorrowfully to Asheville.

Redmond's Last Exploit.

We learn that a few weeks ago the redoubtable outlaw, whose life-history has been briefly sketched in these pages, performed, with the assistance of his desperate followers, a deed of daring that eclipses any of his previous exploits. It appears that after the departure of Miss Austin from his mountain retreat he formed the acquaintance of a young lady living in Asheville, the daughter of one of the wealthiest men in Western North Carolina. The meeting between the two was a romantic episode, and characteristic of human nature in its *finale*. This young lady, Miss Minnie Stevens, was wandering with a party of lady and gentlemen friends, among the picturesque beauties of that section of country, and got lost on the mountain. Suddenly, in her hurried scramble among the rocks, she reached an open plateau, hemmed in on three sides by gigantic boulders. A yellow panther, with bloodshot eyes, crouched in one corner of the plateau, ready for the fatal spring. Miss Stevens was paralyzed with fear, and the panther was creeping toward her with greedy eyes, when Redmond suddenly appeared and killed the brute by a shot from his carbine. He returned Miss Stevens to her friends, and it appears that the young lady fell dead in love with the golden-haired outlaw. They met clandestinely, and she finally consented to become his wife. Her father in vain attempted to dissuade her from the step. The young lady was determined. Preparations were made for the wedding, and one day the bold outlaw summoned about him his hardy followers and apprised them of the coming event. With a body-guard of two hundred and fifty "moonshiners" Redmond rode into Asheville, on his wedding night. Before the authorities could divine what was the meaning of this sudden influx of armed men, Redmond had captured the town and trusted sentries were posted around the houses of the United States Commissioner and the Sheriff. The strange spectacle of a dreaded outlaw in possession of a populous town was thus presented. Every means to prevent a surprise was taken, and when every one who would possibly do injury to the King of the "Moonshiners" was covered by pistols that never missed fire, Redmond entered the house of his intended bride, and the two were

made one. After the wedding festivities were over, the outlaw summoned his followers to his side, and with three rousing cheers for the newly-made wife, the band galloped off into the night.

Agents Wanted!

At all Times!

And Everywhere!

—TO SELL—

BARCLAY'S CHEAP PUBLICATIONS!

ON ALL THE LEADING SENSATIONS OF THE DAY.

THEY RETAIL AT TWENTY-FIVE CENTS AND SELL READILY.

They are always full of Striking Engravings. We are constantly getting up New Books. We give you a Territory consisting of an Entire County, or a Railroad Route through several counties.

By this pleasant, healthful, and money-making out-door business you can travel, see the country,

And Do Better than by Working at any Trade!

IT IS AN HONEST AND LEGITIMATE BUSINESS.

Amongst our agents we have men representing all trades and professions.

Address

BARCLAY & CO.,

21 North (W.) Seventh St.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fac-simile of a Letter

FROM

BISHOP CRITTENDEN,

(*Of North Carolina,*)

TO THE PUBLISHERS.

Charlotte Mch 3. 1879

Messrs Barclay & Co
Philadelphia, Pa.

Gentlemen,

I emphatically endorse this narrative as true in every particular. Miss Austin I have know since she was an infant. Her very interesting story really reads like a Romance and thrills like a Novel, yet bears the honest stamp of truth in every line. Have just recd a copy of your well gotten up little book and can heartily recommend it.

Very Truly Yours
Edwd B. Crittenden

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

Form 410